

Bartholomew FAIR.

A 1489. r. 54.

COMEDY.

Acted in the YEAR 1614.

BY THE

Lady Elizabeth's Servants.

And then dedicated to King JAMES,
of most Blessed Memory.

The AUTHOR, B. J. _k

Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus: nam

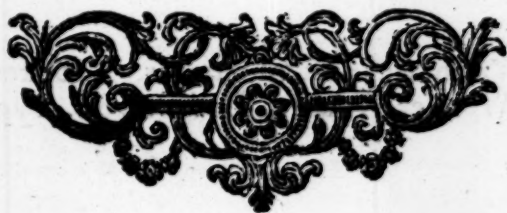
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipfis,

Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura.

Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello

Fabellam furdo.

HOR. lib. 2. Epist. I.



L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by the *Booksellers* in Town
and Country.



The PERSONS of the PLAY.

John Littlewit.
Win Littlewit.
Dame Purecraft.
Zealot-of-the-land Busy.
Win-wife
Quarulous.
Bartholomew Cokes.
Humphrey Wasp.
Adam Over-do.
Dame Over-do.
Grace Welborn.
Lant. Leatherhead.
Joan Trash.
Ezechiell Edgworth.
Nightingale.
Ursla.
Moon-calf.
Jordan Knock-hum.
Val. Cutting.
Captain Whit.
Punk Alice.
Trouble-all.

A Professor.
His Wife.
Her Mother and a Widow.
Her Suitor, a Banbury Man.
His Rival, a Gentleman.
His Companion, a Gamester.
An Esquire of Harrow.
His Man.
A Justice of Peace.
His Wife.
His Ward.
A Hobbyhorse-seller.
A Gingerbread-woman.
A Cutpurse.
A Ballad-singer.
A Pigwoman.
Her Tapsier.
A Horse-courser, and Ranger
A Roarer. (o'Turnbull.
A Bawd.
Mistress o'the Game.
A Madman.

Three Watchmen, Costard-monger, Mousetrap-man,
Clothier, Wrestler, Porters, Doorkeepers, Puppets.



THE



THE
PROLOGUE
TO THE
KING'S *Majesty.*

YOUR Majesty is welcome to a Fair ;
Such Place, such Men, such Language, and such Ware,
You must expect : with these, the zealous Noise
Of your Lands Faction, scandaliz'd at Toys,
As Babies, Hobby-horses, Puppet-plays,
And such like Rage, whereof the petulant Ways
Yourself have known, and have been vex'd with long.
These for your Sport, without particular Wrang,
Or just Complaint of any private Men,
(Who of himself, or shall think u ll or can)
The Maker doth present ; and hopes, To-Night,
To give you, for a Fairing, true Delight.



The Induction on the Stage.

Stage-keeper.



ENTLEMEN, have a little Patience, they are e'en upon coming, instantly. He that should begin the Play, Master *Littlewit*, the *Proctor*, has a Stitch new fall'n in his black Silk Stocking; 'twill be drawn up e're you can tell Twenty. He plays one o'the *Arches*, that dwells about the *Hospital*, and he has a very pretty Part. But for the whole *Play*, will you ha' the Truth on't? (I am looking, lest the *Poet* hear me, or his Man, Master *Froom*, behind the *Arras*) it is like to be a very conceited scurvy one, in plain *English*. When't comes to the *Fair*, once: you were e'en as good go to *Virginia*, for any Thing there is of *Smithfield*. He has not hit the Humours, he do's not know 'em; he has not conversed with the *Bartholomew*-birds, as they say; he has ne'er a Sword and Buckler-man in his *Fair*, nor a little *Davy*, to take Toll o'the Bawds there, as in my Time, nor a *Kid-heart*, if any body's Teeth should chance to ake in his *Play*. Nor a Juggler with a well educated Ape to come over the Chain, for the King of *England*, and back again for the *Prince*, and sit still on his Arse for the *Pope*, and the King of *Spain*! None o'these fine Sights! Nor has he the Canvas-cut i'the Night, for a Hobby-horseman to creep into his she Neighbour, and take his Leap there! Nothing! No, and some Writer (that I know) had had but the Penning o' this Matter, he would ha' made you such a *Fig-a-jog* i'the Booths, you should ha' thought an Earthquake had been i'the *Fair*! But these Master-Poets, they will ha' their own absurd Courtesies; they will be inform'd of nothing! He has (*Sir-reverence*) kick'd me three or four Times about the Tiring-house, I thank him, for but offering to put in, with my Experience. I'll be judg'd by you, *Gentlemen*, now, but for one Conceit of mine! Would not a fine Pump upon the Stage ha' done

The INDUCTION.

V

done well, for a Property now? and a *Punk* set under upon her Head, with her Stern upward, and ha' been sous'd by my witty young Masters o'the *Inns o' Court*? what think you o'this for a Show, now? he will not hear o'this! I am an *Afs*! I! and yet I kept the *Stage* in Master *Tarleton's* Time, I thank my Stars. Ho! and that Man had liv'd to have play'd in *Bartholomew Fair*, you should ha' seen him ha' come in, and ha' been cozen'd i' the Cloath-quarter, so finely! And *Adams*, the Rogue, ha' leap'd and caper'd upon him, and ha' dealt his Vermin about, as tho' they had cost him nothing. And then a substantial Watch to ha' stol'n in upon 'em, and taken 'em away, with mistaking Words, as the Fashion is, in the *Stage Practice*.

Bookholder : *Scrivener*. [To him.

Book. How now? what rare Discourse are you fall'n upon? ha? ha' you found any Familiars here, that you are so free? what's the Business?

Sta. Nothing, but the understanding Gentlemen o'the Ground, here, ask'd my Judgment.

Book. Your Judgment, Rascal? for what? sweeping the *Stage*? or gathering up the broken Apples for the Bears within? Away Rogue, it's come to a fine Degree in these *Spectacles* when such a Youth as you pretend to a Judgment. And yet he may, i'the most o'this Matter i' Faith: For the *Author* hath writ it just to his *Meridian*, and the *Scale* of the grounded Judgments here, his Play-Fellows in Wit. Gentlemen, not for want of a *Prologue*, but by way of a new one. I am sent out to you here, with a *Scrivener*, and certain Articles drawn out in haste between our *Author* and you; which if you please to hear, and as they appear reasonable, to approve of; the *Play* will follow presently. Read, *Scribe*, gi'me the Counterpane.

Scr. ARTICLES of Agreement, indented, between the *Spectators* or *Hearers*, at the *Hope* on the Bankside, in the County of *Surry* on the one Party; and the *Author* of *Bartholomew Fair* in the said Place and County, on the other Party: the one and thirtieth Day of

Octob: 1614 and in the twelfth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord, JAMES by the Grace of God, King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. And of Scotland the seven and fortieth.

IMPRIMIS, It is covenanted and agreed, by and between the Parties abovesaid, and the said *Spectators*, and *Hearers*, as well the Curious and Envious, as the Favouring and Judicious, as also the grounded Judgments and Understandings, do for themselves severally covenant and agree to remain in the Places, their Money or Friends have put them in, with Patience, for the Space of two Hours and an half, and somewhat more. In which Time the *Author* promiseth to present them by us, with a new sufficient Play call'd BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, merry, and as full of Noise, as Sport: made to delight all, and to offend none. Provided they have either the Wit or the Honesty to think well of themselves.

It is further agreed that every Person, here, have his or their Freewill of Censure, to like or dislike at their own Charge, the *Author* having now departed with his Right: It shall be lawful for any Man to judge his six Pen'orth, his twelve Pen'orth, so to his eighteen Pence, two Shillings, half a Crown, to the Value of his Place: provided always his Place get not above his Wit. And if he pay for half a Dozen, he may censure for all them too, so that he will undertake that they shall be silent. He shall put in for *Censures* here, as they do for *Lots* at the *Lottery*. Marry if he drop but Sixpence at the Door, and will censure a Crown's worth, it is thought there is no Conscience, or Justice in that.

It is also agreed, that every Man, here, exercise his own Judgment, and not censure by *Contagion*, or upon *Trust*, from another's Voice, or Face, that sits by him, be he never so first, in the *Commission of Wit*: as also, that he be fix'd and settled in his Censure, that what he approves, or not approves To-day, he will do the same To-morrow, and if To-morrow, the next Day: and so the next Week (if Need be;) and not to be brought about by any that sits on the *Bench* with him, though they indite and arraign *Plays* daily. He that will swear *Jeronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best Plays, yet, shall

shall pass unexcepted at, here, as a Man whose Judgment shews it is constant, and hath stood still, these five and twenty, or thirty Years. Though it be an *Ignorance*, it is a virtuous and stay'd Ignorance; and next to *Truth*, a confirm'd Error does well; such a one the *Author* knows where to find him.

It is further covenanted, concluded, and agreed, that how great soever the Expectation be, no Person, here, is to expect more than he knows, or better Ware than a *Fair* will afford; neither to look back to the Sword and Buckler Age of *Smithfield*, but content himself with the present. Instead of a little *Davy*, to take Toll o'the Bawds, the *Author* doth promise a strutting *Horse-courser*, with a *Leerc-drunkard*, two or three to attend him, in as good *Equipage* as you would wish. And then for *Kindheart*, the Tooth-drawer, a fine oily *Pig-woman* with her *Tapster*, to bid you welcome, and a Concert of *Roarers* for Musick. A wise *Justice* of *Peacemeditant*, instead of a *Juggler*, with an *Ape*. A civil *Cutpurse-searcbant*. A sweet *Singer* of new Ballads *allurant*: and as fresh an *Hypocrite*, as ever was broach'd rampant. If there be never a *Servant-monster* i'the *Fair*, who can help it? he says, nor a Nest of *Antiques*? He is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*, to mix his Head with other Men's Heels, let the Concupiscence of *Figs* and *Dances* reign as strong as it will amongst you: yet if the *Puppets* will please any body, they shall be entreated to come in.

In Consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by the foresaid *Hearers* and *Spectators*, that they neither in themselves conceal, nor suffer by them to be concealed any *State-decyphers*, or *Politick Picklock* of the *Scene*, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by the *Gingerbread-woman*, who by the *Hobbyhorse-man*, who by the *Costard-monger*, nay, who by their *Wares*. Or that will pretend to affirm (on his own inspired *Ignorance*) what *Mirror of Magistrates* is meant by the *Justice*, what great *Lady* by the *Pig-woman*, what concealed *Statesman*, by the *Seller* of *Mousetraps*, and so of the rest. But that such Person, or Persons so found, be

left discovered to the Mercy of the *Author*, as a Forfeiture to the *Stage*, and your Laughter, aforesaid. As also, such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously, play the Fool by his Place aforesaid, to challenge the Author of Scurrility, because the Language somewhere favours of *Smithfield*, the Booth, and the Pig-broth; or of Prophane-ness, because a *Madman* cries, *God quit you*, or *bless you*. In *Witness* whereof, as you have preposterously put to your Seals already (which is your Money) you will now add the other Part of Suffrage, your Hands: The *Play* shall presently begin. And though the *Fair* be not kept in the same Region, that some here, perhaps, would have it, yet think, that therein the *Author* hath observ'd a special *Decorum*, the Place being as dirty as *Smithfield*, and as stinking every whit.

Howsoever, he prays you to believe, his *Ware* is still the same, else you will make him justly suspect that he that is so loth to look on a *Baby*, or an *Hobby-horse*, here, would be glad to take up a *Commodity* of them, at any Laughter, or Loss, in another Place.



B A R-



Bartholomew FAIR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Little-wit. [To him] *Win.*

 PRETTY Conceit, and worth the finding! I ha' such Luck to spin out these fine Things still, and like a Silkworm, out of myself. Here's Master *Bartholomew Cokes*, of *Harrow o'th' Hill*, i'th' County of *Middlesex*, Esq; takes forth his Licence, to marry *Mistress Grace Welborn* of the said Place and County: and when do's he take it forth? To-day! the four and twentieth of *August*! *Bartholomew Day*! *Bartholomew* upon *Bartholomew*! there's the Device! who would have mark'd such a leap-frog Chance now? A very less then *Ame's-ace*, on two Dice! well, go thy Ways, *John Little-wit*, Proctor *John Little-wit*: One o' the pretty Wits o' *Paul's*, the *Little-wit* of *London* (so thou art call'd) and something beside. When a *Quirk*, or a *Quiblin* do's 'scape thee, and thou dost not watch, and apprehend it, and bring it afore the Constable of Conceit: (there now, I speak *Quib* too) let 'em carry thee out o'the Archdeacon's Court, into his Kitchen, and make a *Jack* of thee, instead of a *John*. (There I am again la!) *Win*, Good Morrow, *Win*. I marry, *Win*! Now you look finely indeed, *Win*! this Cap does convince! you'd not ha' worn it, *Win*, nor ha'

had it Velvet, but a rough Country Beaver, with a Copper Band, like the Coney-skin Woman of *Budge-row*? Sweet *Win*, let me kiss it! And, her fine high Shoes, like the *Spanish Lady*! Good *Win*, go a little, I would fain see thee pace, pretty *Win*! By this fine Cap, I could never leave kissing on't.

Win. Come, indeed la, you are such a Fool still!

Lit. No, but half a one, *Win*, you are the t'other half: Man and Wife make one Fool, *Win*. (Good!) Is there the Proctor or Doctor indeed, i'the *Diocess*, that ever had the Fortune to win him such a *Win*! (There I am again!) I do feel Conceits coming upon me, more than I am able to turn Tongue to. A Pox o'these Pretenders to Wit! your *Three Cranes*, *Mitre*, and *Mermaid Men*! Not a Corn of true Salt, nor a Grain of right Mustard amongst them all. They may stand for Places or so, again the next *Wit* fall, and pay Two-pence in a Quart more for their *Canary*, than other Men. But gi'me the Man, can start up a *Justice* of *Wit* out of Six-Shilling Beer, and give the Law to all the *Poets*, and *Poet-suckers* i'the Town, because they are the Players Gossips? 'Slid, other Men have Wives as fine as the Players, and as well dress'd. Come hither, *Win*.

SCENE II.

Win-wife, *Little-wit*, *Win*.

Win. Why, how now, Master *Little-wit*! measuring of Lips: or moulding of Kisses? which is it?

Lit. Troth I am a little taken with my *Win*'s Dressing here! Do'st not fine Master *Win-wife*? How do you apprehend, Sir? She would not ha' worn this Habit. I challenge all *Cheapside*, to shew such another: *Moorfields*, *Pimlico Path*, or the *Exchange*, in a Summer Evening, with a Lace to boot as this has. Dear *Win*, let Master *Win-wife* kiss you. He comes a wooing to our Mother *Win*, and may be our Father perhaps, *Win*. There's no Harm in him, *Win*.

Win-w. None i'the Earth, Master *Little-wit*.

Litt. I envy no Man my Delicates, Sir.

Win-w. Alas, you ha'the Garden where they grow still! A Wife here with a *Strawberry-breath*, *Cherry-lips*, *Apricot-checks*, and a soft Velvet Head, like a *Nellicotton*.

Lit.

Lit. Good! Faith! now Dulness upon me, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't, as well as he! Velvet-head!

Win-w. But my Taste, Master *Little-wit*, tends to Fruit of a later Kind: the sober Matron, your Wife's Mother.

Litt. I! We know you are a Suitor, Sir. *Win*, and I both, wish you well: by this Licence here, would you had her, that your two Names were as fast in it, as here are a Couple. *Win* would fain have a fine young Father-in-Law, with a Feather; that her Mother might hood it, and chain it, with Mrs. *Over-do*. But you do not take the right Course, Master *Win-wife*.

Win-w. No? Master *Little-wit*, why?

Lit. You are not mad enough.

Win-w. How? Is Madness a right Course?

Lit. I say nothing, but I wink upon *Win*. You have a Friend, one (Master *Quarulous*) comes here sometimes?

Win-w. Why? He makes no Love to her, do's he?

Lit. Not a Token-worth that ever I saw. I assure you,

But—

Win-w. What?

Lit. He is the more Mad-cap o'the two. You do not apprehend me.

Win. You have a hot Coal i' your Mouth, now, you cannot hold.

Lit. Let me out with it, dear *Win*.

Win. I'll tell him myself.

Lit. Do, and take all the Thanks, and much Good do thy pretty Heart, *Win*.

Win. Sir, My Mother has had her Nativity-water cast lately by the cunning Men in *Cow-lane*, and they ha' told her her Fortune, and do insure her, she shall never have happy Hour; unless she marry within this Sen'night, and when it is, it must be a Madman, they say.

Lit. I, But it must be a Gentleman Madman.

Win. Yes, so the r'other Man of *Moorfields* says.

Win-w. But do's she believe 'em?

Lit. Yes, and ha's been at *Bedlam* twice since, every Day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there, mad!

Win-w.

Win-w. Why, this is a Confederacy, a meer Piece of Practice upon her, by these Impostors ?

Lit. I tell her so ; or else say I, that they mean some young madcap Gentleman (for the Devil can equivocate, as well as a Shopkeeper) and therefore I would advise you, to be a little madder, than Master *Quarlous*, hereafter.

Win. Where is she ? stirring yet ?

Lit. Stirring ! Yes, and studying an old Elder, come from *Banbury*, a Suitor that puts in here at Meal-tide, to praise the painful Brethren, or pray that the sweet Singers may be restor'd ; says a Grace as long as his Breath lasts him ! Sometime the Spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my Mother, or *Win*, are fain to fetch it again with Malmsey, or *Aqua Cælestis*.

Win. Yes, indeed, we have such a tedious Life with him for his Diet, and his Clothes too, he breaks his Buttons, and cracks Seams at every Saying he sobs out.

Job. He cannot abide my Vocation, he says.

Win. No, he told my Mother, a *Proctor* was a Claw of the *Beast*, and that she had little less than committed *Abomination* in marrying me so as she has done.

Job. Every Line (he says) that a *Proctor* writes, when it comes to be read in the Bishop's Court, is a long black Hair, comb'd out of the Tail of *Antichrist*.

Win-w. When came this *Proselyte* ?

Job. Some three Days since.

S C E N E III.

Quarlous, John, Win, Win-wife.

Quar. O Sir, ha' you ta'en Soil, here ? it's well, a Man may reach you, after three Hours running, yet ! what an unmerciful Companion art thou, to quit thy Lodging, at such ungentle manly Hours ? None but a scatter'd Covey of Fiddlers, or one of these Rag-rakers in Dung-hills, or some Marrow-bone Man at most, would have been up, when thou wert gone abroad, by all Description. I pray thee what art thou, thou canst not sleep ? hast thou Thorns i'thy Eyelids, or Thistles i'thy Bed.

Win-w. I cannot tell : It seems you had neither i'your Feet, that took this Pain to find me.

Quar.

Quar. No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds o'the City should have drawn after you, by the Scent rather, Mr. *John Little-wit*! God save you, Sir. 'Twas a hot Night with some of us, last Night, *John*: shall we pluck a Hair o'the same Wolf, To-day, Proctor *John*?

Job. Do you remember, Master *Quarlous*, what we discoursed on last Night?

Quar. Not I, *John*; nothing that I either discourse or do, at those Times I forfeit all to Forgetfulness.

Job. No? not concerning *Win*, look you: there she is, and dress'd as I told you she should be: hark you, Sir, had you forgot?

Quar. By this Head, I'll beware how I keep you Company, *John*, when I drunk and you have this dangerous Memory! that's certain.

Job. Why, Sir?

Quar. Why? we were all a little stain'd last Night, sprinkled with a Cup or two, and I agreed with Proctor *John* here, to come and do somewhat with *Win* (I know not what 'twas) To-day; and he puts me in Mind on't, now, he says he was coming to fetch me: before *Truth*, if you have that fearful Quality, *John*, to remember, when you are sober, *John*, what you promise drunk, *John*; I shall take heed of you, *John*. For this once, I am content to wink at you, where's your Wife? come hither, *Win*. [*He kisseth her.*]

Win. Why, *John*! do you see this, *John*? look you! help me, *John*.

Job. O *Win*, fie, what do you mean, *Win*! Be womanly, *Win*; make an Outcry to your Mother, *Win*? Master *Quarlous* is an honest Gentleman, and our worshipful good Friend, *Win*: and he is Master *Win-wife*'s Friend too: and Master *Win-wife* comes a Suitor to your Mother, *Win*, as I told you before *Win*, and may, perhaps, be our Father, *Win*; they'll do you no Harm, *Win*, they are both our worshipful good Friends. Master *Quarlous*! you must know Mr. *Quarlous*, *Win*; you must not quarrel with Master *Quarlous*, *Win*.

Quar. No, we'll kiss again and fall in.

Job. Yes, do, good *Win*.

Win. I'Faith you're a Fool, *John*.

Job.

Job. A Fool-*John*, she calls me, do you mark that, Gentlemen? pretty Littlewit of Velvet! a Fool-*John*!

Quar. She may call you an Apple-*John*, if you use this.

Win-w. Pray thee forbear, for my Respect, somewhat.

Quar. Hoy-day! how respective you are become o'the sudden! I fear this Family will turn you reformed too, pray you come about again. Because she is in possibility to be your Daughter-in-law, and may ask you Blessing hereafter, when she courts it to *Tott'nham* to eat Cream. Well, I will forbear, Sir, but i' Faith, would thou would'st leave thy Exercise of Widow-hunting once! this drawing after an old reverend Smock by the Splay-foot: There cannot be an antient *Tripe* or *Trillibubi* the Town, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine Occupation thou'lt confine thyself to, when thou hast got one; scrubbing a Piece of Buff, as if thou hadst the Perpetuity of *Pannier-alley* to stink in; or perhaps, worse, currying a Carcass, that thou hast bound thy self to alive. I'll be sworn, some of them (that thou art, or hast been a Suitor to) are so old, as no chaste or married Pleasure can ever become 'em: the honest Instrument of Procreation, has (forty Years since) left to belong to 'em, thou must visit 'em, as thou wouldst do a *Tomb* with a Torch, or three Handfuls of Link, flaming hot, and so thou may'st hap to make 'em feel thee, and, after, come to inherit according to thy Inches. A sweet Course for a Man to waste the Brand of Life for, to be still taking himself a Fortune in an old Woman's Embers; we shall ha' thee, after thou hast been but a Month married to one of 'em, look like the *Quartan Ague*, and the black *Jaundice* met in a Face, and walk as if thou hadst borrowed Legs of a *Spinner*, and Voice of a *Cricket*. I would endure to hear fifteen Sermons a Week for her, and such coarse and loud ones, as some of 'em must be; I would e'en desire of Fate, I might dwell in a Drum, and take in a Drum, and take in my Sustenance, with an old broken Tobacco-pipe and a Straw. Dost thou ever think to bring thine Ears or Stomach to the Patience of a dry *Grace*, as long as thy Tablecloth? and droan'd out by thy Son here, that might be thy Father, till all the Meat

Meat o'the Board has forgot, it was that Day i'the Kitchin? Or to brook the Noise made, in a Question of *Predestination*, by the good Labourers and painful Eaters, assembled together, put to 'em by the Matron, your Spouse; who moderates with a Cup of Wine, ever and anon, and a Sentence out of *Knox* between? or the perpetual Spitting, before and after a sober drawn *Exhortation* of six Hours, whose better Part was the *Hum-ba-hum*? Or to hear Prayers groan'd out, over thy iron Chests, as if they were *Charms* to break 'em? And all this for the Hope of two *Apostle-spoons* to suffer! and a Cup to eat a Cawdle in! For that will be thy Legacy. She'll ha' conveyed her 'State, safe enough from thee, and she be a right Widow.

Win. Alas, I am quite off that Scent now.

Quar. How so?

Win-w. Put off by a *Brother* of *Banbury*, one, that, they say, is come here, and governs all, already.

Quar. What do you call him? I knew divers of those *Banburians* when I was in *Oxford*.

Win-w. Master *Little-wit* can tell us.

Job. Sir! good *Win*, go in, and if Master *Bartholomew Coke's* Man come for the Licence (the little old Fellow) let him speak with me; what say you, Gentlemen?

Win-w. What call you the reverend *Elder*? you told me of? your *Banbury* man.

Job. Rabby *Rufy*, Sir, he is more than an *Elder*, he is a *Prophet*, Sir.

Quar. O, I know him! a Baker, is he not?

Job. He was a Baker, Sir, but he do's dream now, and see Visions, he has given over his Trade.

Quar. I remember thattoo: out of a Scruple he took, that (in spic'd Conscience) those Cakes he made were serv'd to *Bridals*, *May-poles*, *Morrisses*, and such prophane Feasts and Meetings; his Christian-name is *Zeal-of-the-land*.

Job. Yes, Sir, *Zeal-of-the-land Busy*.

Win-w. How, what a Name's there!

Job. O, they have all such Names, Sir; he was Witness, for *Win*, here, (they will not be call'd Godfathers) and nam'd her *Win-the-fight*, you thought her Name had been *Winifred*, did you not?

Win-w.

Win-w. I did indeed.

Job. He would ha' thought himself a stark Reprobate, if it had.

Quar. I, for there was a Blue-starch-woman o'the Name, at the same time. A notable hypocritical Vermin it is; I know him. One that stands upon his Face, more than his Faith, at all times; ever in seditious Motion, and reproving for Vain-glory; of a most *lunatick* Conscience and Spleen, and affects the Violence of *Singularity* in all he does: (He has undone a Grocer here, in *Newgate-market*, that broke with him, trusted him with Currans, as errant a Zeal as he, that's by the way: by his Profession, he will ever be i'the State of Innocence, though; and Childhood; derides all *Antiquity*; defies any other *Learning*, than *Inspiration*; and what Discretion soever, Years should afford him, 'it is all prevented in his *original Ignorance*; ha' not to do with him, for he is a Fellow of a most arrogant and invincible Dulness, I assure you; who is this?

SCENE IV.

Wasp, John, Win-wife, Quarious.

By your Leave, Gentlemen, with all my Heart to you: and God you Good-morrow; Mr. *Little-wit*, my Business is to you. Is this Licence ready?

John. Here, I ha'it for you, in my Hand, Master *Humphrey*.

Wasp. That's well, nay, never open, or read it to me; it's Labour in vain, you know. I am no Clerk, I scorn'd to be sav'd by my Book, i'Faith I'll hang first; fold it up o'your Word, and gi't me; what must you ha'for't?

Job. We'll talk of that anon, Master *Humphrey*.

Wasp. Now, or not at all, good Mr. *Proctor*, I am for no anon's, I assure you.

Job. Sweet *Win*, bid *Solomon* send me the little black Box within, in my Study.

Wasp. I, quickly, good Mistress, I pray you: for I have both Eggs o'the Spit, and Iron i'the Fire, say, what you must have, good Mr. *Little-wit*.

Job. Why, you know the Price, Mr. *Numps*.

Wasp. I know? I know nothing. I, what te'll you me
of

of knowing? (now I am in haste) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorn to know, and yet (now I think on't) I will, and do know, as well as another; you must have a *Mark* for your Thing here, and *Eight-pence* for the Box; I cou'd ha' sav'd *Two-pence* i'that, an' I had bought it myself, but here's *fourteen Shillings* for you. Good Lord! how long your little Wife itays! pray God, *Solomon*, your Clerk, be not looking i'the wrong Box, Mr. *Proctor*.

Job. Good i'Faith! no, I warrant you, *Solomon* is wiser than so, Sir.

Wasp. Fie, fie, fie, by your Leave, Master *Little-wit*, this is scurvy, idle, foolish, and abominable, with all my Heart; I do not like it.

Win-w. Do you hear? *Jack Little-wit*, what Business do's thy pretty Head think, this Fellow may have, that he keeps such a Coil with?

Quar. More than buying of Gingerbread i'the *Cloyster*, here, (for that we allow him) or a gilt Pouch i'the *Fair*?

Job. Master *Quarlous*, do not mistake him: he is his Master's Both-hands, I assure you.

Quar. What? to pull on his Boots, a Mornings, or his Stockings, do's he?

Job. Sir, if you have a Mind to mock him, mock him softly, and look t'other way: for if he apprehend you flout him once, he will fly at you presently. A terrible testy old Fellow, and his Name is *Wasp* too.

Quar. Pretty *Insect*! make much on him.

Wasp. A Plague o' this Box, and the Pox too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should ha' sought it, sent it, or brought it! do you see, Sir?

Job. Nay, good Mr. *Wasp*.

Wasp. Good Master *Hornet*, Turd i'your Teeth, hold you your Tongue; do not I know you? your Father was a *Pothecary*, and sold Glifters, more than he gave, I wufs: and Turd i'your little Wife's Teeth too (here she comes) 'twill make her spit as fine as she is, for all her Velvet-custard on her Head, Sir.

Job. O! be civil, Master *Numps*.

Wasp. Why, say I have a Humour not to be civil: how then? who shall compel me? you?

Job.

Job. Here is the Box, now.

Wasp. Why a Pox o' your Box, once again: let your little Wife stale in it, and she will. Sir, I would have you to understand, and these Gentlemen too, if they please——

Win-w. With all our Hearts, Sir.

Wasp. That I have a Charge, Gentlemen.

Job. They do apprehend, Sir.

Wasp. Pardon me, Sir, neither they, nor you, can apprehend me, yet. (You are an Ass) I have a young Master, he is now upon his making and marring; the whole Care of his well doing, is now mine. His foolish Schoolmasters have done nothing, but run up and down the Country with him, to beg Puddings, and Cake-bread of his Tenants, and almost spoiled him, he has learn'd nothing but to sing *Catches*, and repeat *Rattle, Bladder, rattle*; and O, *Madge*. I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile Tunes, which he will sing at Supper, and in the Sermon-times! if he meet but a Carman i'the Street, and I find him not Talk to keep him off on him, he will whistle him, and all his Tunes over, at Night in his Sleep! he has a Head full of Bees! I am fain now (for this little Time I am absent) to leave him in Charge with a Gentlewoman: 'Tis true, she is a *Justice of Peace's* Wife, and a Gentlewoman o'the Hood, and his natural Sister: But what may happen, under a Woman's Government, there's the Doubt, Gentlemen, you do not know him: he's another Manner of Piece than you think for! but nineteen Years old, and yet he is taller than either of you by the Head, God bless him.

Quar. Well, methinks, this is a fine Fellow!

Win-w. He has made his Master a finer by this Description, I should think.

Quar. Faith much about one, it's *Cross* and *File*, whether for a new Farthing.

Wasp. I'll tell you Gentlemen——

Job. Will't please you to drink, Master *Wasp*?

Wasp. Why, I ha' not talk'd so long to be a dry, Sir, you see no Dust or Cobwebs come out o' my Mouth: do you? you'd ha' me gone, would you?

Job. No, but you were in haste e'en now, Mr. *Numps*.

Wasp. What an' I were? so I am still, and yet I will stay.

stay too; meddle you with your Match, your *Win*, there; she has as little Wit, as her Husband it seems: I have others to talk to.

Job. She's my Match indeed, and as little Wit as I, Good!

Wasp. We ha' been but a Day and a half in Town, Gentlemen, 'tis true; and Yesterday i'the Afternoon, we walk'd *London*, to shew the City to the Gentlewoman he shall marry, Mistress *Grace*; but, afore I will endure such another half Day with him, I'll be drawn with a good Gib-cat, through the great Pond at Home, as his Uncle *Hedge* was! why, we could not meet that *heathen* Thing all Day, but staid him: he would name you all the *Signs* over as he went, aloud: and where he spied a Parrot or a *Monkey*, there he was pitch'd, with all the little long Coats about him, Male and Female; no getting him away! I thought he would ha' run mad o'the black Boy in *Bucklersbury*, that takes the scurvy, roguish *Tobacco* there.

Job. You say true, Master *Numps*; there's such a one indeed.

Wasp. It's no Matter, whether there be, or no, what's that to you?

Quar. He will not allow of *Jobn's* reading at any Hand.

S C E N E V.

Cokes, Mrs. *Over-do*, *Wasp*, *Grace*, *Quarulous*, *Win*-wife, *John*, *Win*.

Cok. O *Numps*! are you here, *Numps*! look where I am, *Numps*, and Mistress *Grace* too! nay, do not look angrily, *Numps*: my Sister is here, and all, I do not come without her.

Wasp. What, the Mischief, do you come with her? or she with you?

Cok. We came all to seek you, *Numps*.

Wasp. To seek me? why, did you all think I was lost? or run away with your fourteen Shillings-worth of small Ware here? or that I had chang'd it i'the Fair, for Hobby-horses? S'precious—to seek me!

Over. Nay, good Mr. *Numps*, do you shew Discretion; though he be exorbitant (as Mr. *Over-do* says) an't be but for Conservation of the Peace.

Wasp. Mary-gip, goody She-justice, Mistress *Frenshood*

hood! Turd i' your Teeth; and Turd i' your *French-hood's* Teeth, too, to do you Service, do you see? must you quote your *Adam* to me! you think you are *Madam Regent* still, *Mrs. Over-do*; when I am in Place? no such Matter, I assure you, your *Reign* is out, when I am in, *Dame*.

Over. I am content to be in *Obedience*, Sir, and be govern'd by you; so should he too, if he did well; but 'twill be expected you should also govern your Passions.

Wasp. Will't so, Forsooth? good Lord! how sharp you are! with being at *Beth'lem* Yesterday? *Wheston* has set an Edge upon you, has he?

Over. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your Dignity: I do, yet, to mine.

Wasp. Very well then.

Cok. Is this the Licence, *Numps*? for Love's Sake, let me see't. I never saw a Licence.

Wasp. Did you not so? why, you shall not see't then.

Cok. An' you love me, good *Numps*.

Wasp. Sir, I love you, and yet I do not love you, i' these Fooleries, set your Heart at rest; there's nothing in't, but hard Words; and what would you see't for?

Cok. I would see the Length and the Breadth on't, that's all; and I will see't now, so I will.

Wasp. You sha' not see it here.

Cok. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll look upo'the Case here.

Wasp. Why, do so, a Man must give Way to him a little in Trifles, Gentlemen. These are Errors, Diseases of Youth: which he will mend, when he comes to Judgment and Knowledge of Matters. I pray you conceive so, and I thank you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thank you again.

Quar. Well, this *Dry-nurse*, I say still, is a delicate Man.

Win-w. And I am for the Cofset, his Charge! Did you ever see a Fellow's Face more accuse him for an As?

Quar. Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What Pity 'tis yonder Wench should marry such a Cokes?

Win-w. 'Tis true.

Quar.

Quar. She seems to be discreet, and as sober as she is handsome.

Win-w. I, and if you mark her, what a restrain'd Scorn she casts upon all his Behaviour and Speeches?

Cok. Well, *Numps*, I am now for another Piece of Business more, the *Fair*, *Numps*, and then——

Wasp. Bless me! deliver me, help, hold me! the *Fair*!

Cok. Nay, never fidge up and down, *Numps*, and vex itself. I am resolute *Bartholomew*, in this; I'll make no Suit on't to you; 'twas all the End of my Journey, indeed, to shew Mistress Grace my *Fair*: I call't it my *Fair*, because of *Bartholomew*: you know my Name is *Bartholomew*, and *Eartholomew Fair*.

Job. That was mine afore, Gentlemen; this Morning. I had that i'Faith upon his Licence, believe me, there he comes after me.

Quar. Come, *John*, this ambitious *Wit* of yours (I am afraid) will do you no Good i'the End.

Job. No? Why, Sir?

Quar. You grow so insolent with it, and overdoing, *John*; that if you look not to it, and tie it up, it will bring you to some obscure Place in Time, and there 'twill leave you.

Win-w. Do not trust it too much, *John*, be more sparing, and use it but now and then; a *Wit* is a dangerous Thing in this Age; do not overbuy it.

Job. Think you so, Gentlemen? I'll take Heed on't hereafter.

Win. Yes, do *John*.

Cok. A pretty little Soul, this same Mistress *Little-wit*! would I might marry her.

Gra. So would I, or any body else, so I might 'scape you.

Cok. *Numps*, I will see it, *Numps*, 'tis decreed: never be melancholy for the Matter.

Wasp. Why, see it, Sir, see it, do see it! who hinders you? why do you not go see it? 'Slid see it.

Cok. I he *Fair*, *Numps*, the *Fair*.

Wasp. Would the *'air* and all the Drums, and Rattles in't, were i'your Belly for me; they are already i'your

Quar.

i'your Brain : he that had the Means to travel your Head, now, should meet finer Sights than in any i'the Fair ; and make a finer Voyage on't ; to see it all hung with Cockle-shells, Pebbles, fine Wheat-straws, and here and there a Chicken's Feather, and a Cobweb.

Quar. Good Faith, he looks methinks, an'you mark him, like one that were made to catch Flies, with his Sir Cranion Legs.

Win-w. And his *Numps*, to flap 'em away.

Wasp. God be w'you, Sir, there's your *Ree* in a Box, and much Good do't you.

Cok. Why, your Friend, and *Bartholomew* ; an' you be so contumacious.

Quar. What mean you, *Numps* ?

Wasp. I'll not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

Over. You will not let him go, *Brother*, and lose him ?

Cok. Who can hold that will away ? I had rather lose him than the *Fair*, I wuf.

Wasp. You do not know the Inconvenience, Gentlemen, you perswade to : nor what Trouble I have with him in these Humours. If he go to the *Fair*, he will buy of every Thing, to a Baby there ; and Household-stuff for that too. If a Leg or an Arm on him did not grow on, he would lose it i'the Press. Pray Heaven I bring him off with one Stone ! and then he is such a Ravener after Fruit ! you will not believe what a Coil I had t'other Day, to compound a Business between a *Catherine*-pear Woman and him, about snatching ! 'tis intolerable, Gentlemen.

Win-w. O ! but you must not leave him now to these Hazards, *Numps*.

Wasp. Nay, he knows too well, I will not leave him, and that makes him presume : well, Sir, will you go now ? if you have such an Itch i'your Feet, to foot it to the *Fair*, why do you stop, am I your Tarriers ? go, will you go ? Sir, why do you not go ?

Cok. O *Numps* ! have I brought you about ? come, Mistress Grace, and Sister, I am resolute *Batt*, i'Faith, still.

Gra. Truly, I have no such Fancy to the *Fair* ; nor Am-

Ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any Quality or Fashion.

Cok. O Lord, Sir! you shall pardon me, Mistress Grace, we are enough of ourselves to make it a Fashion: and for Qualities, let *Numps* alone, he'll find Qualities.

Quar. What a Rogue in Apprehension is this! to understand her Language no better.

Win-w. I, and offer to marry her? well, I will leave the Chace of my Widow, for To-day, and directly to the Fair. These Flies cannot, this hot Season, but engender us excellent creeping Sport.

Quar. A Man, that has but a Spoonful of Brain, would think so. Farewel, *John*.

Job. Win. you see, 'tis in Fashion, to go to the Fair, *Win*: we must to the Fair too, you and I, *Win*. I have an Affair i'the Fair, *Win*, a Puppet-play of mine own making, say nothing, that I writ for the Motion Man, which you must see, *Win*.

Win. I would I might, *John*, but my Mother will never consent to such a prophane Motion: she will call it.

Job. Tut, we'll have a Device, a dainty one; (Now, *Wit*, help at a Pinch, good *Wit*. come, come, good *Wit*, an't be thy Will.) I have it, *Win*, I have it i' Faith, and 'tis a fine one. *Win*, long to eat of a Pig, sweet *Win*, i'the Fair; do you see? i'the Heart of the Fair; not at *Pye-corner*. Your Mother will do any Thing, *Win*, to satisfy your Longing, you know, pray thee long, presently, and be sick o'the sudden, good *Win*. I'll go in and tell her, cut thy Lace i'the mean Time, and play the Hypocrite, sweet *Win*.

Win. No, I'll not make me unready for it. I can be Hypocrite enough, though I were never so straight lac'd.

Job. You say true, you have been bred i'the Family, and brought up to't. Our Mother is a most elect Hypocrite, and has maintain'd us all this seven Year with it, like Gentlefolks.

Win. I, let her alone, *John*. she is not a wise wilful Widow for nothing, nor a sanctified Sister for a Song. And let me alone too, I ha' somewhat o'the Mother in me, you shall see, fetch her, fetch her, ah, ah.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Purecraft, Win, John, Busy, Solomon.

Now, the Blaze of the beauteous Discipline fright away this Evil from our House! how now, *Win-the-fight*, Child: how do you? Sweet Child, speak to me.

Win. Yes, Forsooth.

Pur. Look up, sweet *Win-the-fight*, and suffer not the Enemy to enter you at this Door, remember that your Education has been with the purest, what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the unclean Beast, Pig, to you, Child?

Win. (Uh, uh.)

Job. Not I, o'my Sincerity, Mother: she long'd above three Hours, e're she would let me know it; who was it, *Win*?

Win. A prophane black Thing with a Beard, *John*.

Pur. O! resist it, *Win-the-fight*, it is the Tempter; the wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleshly Motion of Pig, be strong against it, and its foul Temptations, in these Assaults, whereby it broacheth Flesh and Blood, as it were, on the weaker Side, and pray against its carnal Provocations, good Child, sweet Child, pray.

Job. Good Mother, I pray you, that she may eat some Pig, and her Belly-full, too; and do not cast away your own Child, and perhaps one of mine, with your Tale of the Tempter: how do you, *Win*? Are you not sick?

Win. Yes, a great deal, *John*, (uh, uh.)

Pur. What shall we do? call our zealous Brother *Busy* hither, for his faithful Fortification in this Charge of the Adversary; Child, my dear Child, you shall eat Pig; be comforted, my sweet Child.

Win. I, but i'the *Fair*, Mother.

Pur. I mean i'the *Fair*, if it can be any way made, or found lawful; where is our Brother *Busy*? Will he not come? look up, Child.

Job. Presently, Mother, as soon as he has cleans'd his Beard. I found him fast by the Teeth, i'the cold Turkey-pye i'the Cupboard, with a great white Loaf on his left Hand, and a Glas of *Almsy* on his right.

Pur. Slander not the *Brethren*, wicked one.

Job.

Job. Here he is, now, purify'd, Mother.

Pur. O Brother *Busby*! your Help here to edify, and raise us up in a Scruple; my Daughter *Win-the fight* is visited with a natural Disease of Women, call'd, A longing to eat Pig.

Job. I, Sir, a *Bartholomew* Pig; and in the *Fair*.

Pur. And I would be satisfied from you, religiously-wise, whether a Widow of the sanctify'd Assembly, or a Widow's Daughter, may commit the Act, without Offence to the weaker Sisters.

Busf. Verily, for the Disease of longing, it is a Disease, a carnal Disease, or Appetite, incident to Women: and, as it is carnal, and incident, it is natural, very natural: Now Pig, it is a Meat, and a Meat that is nourishing, and may be long'd for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten: but in the *Fair*, and as a *Bartholomew* Pig, it cannot be eaten, for the very calling it a *Bartholomew* Pig, and to eat it so, is a Spice of *Idolatry*, and you make the *Fair*, no better than one of the high *Places*. This, I take it, is the State of the Question. A high Place.

Job. I, but in State of Necessity: *Place* should give Place, Mr. *Busby*. (I have a Conceit left, yet.)

Pur. Good Brother, *Zeal-of-the-land*, think to make it as lawful as you can.

Job. Yes, Sir, and as soon as you can: for it must be, Sir; you see the Danger my little Wife is in, Sir.

Pur. Truly, I do love my Child dearly, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her first Fruits, if it might be otherwise.

Busf. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject, to Construction, subject, and hath a Face of Offence, with the Weak, a great Face, a foul Face, but that Face may have a Vail put over it, and be shadowed, as it were, it may be eaten, and in the *Fair*, I take it, in a Booth, the Tents of the Wicked: the Place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in midst of the Prophane, so it be eaten with a reform'd Mouth, with *Sobriety*, and Humbleness; not gorg'd in with Gluttony, or Greediness; there's the Fear; for, should she go there, as taking Pride in the Place, or Delight in the unclean

B

Dressing,

Job.

Dressing, to feed the Vanity of the Eye, or the Lust of the Palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

Joh. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't, but Courage, *Win*, we'll be humble enough: we'll seek out the homeliest Booth i'the *Fair*, that's certain, rather than fail, we'll eat it o'the Ground.

Pur. I, and I'll go with you myself, *Win-the-fight*, and my Brother, *Zeal-of-the-land*, shall go with us too, for our better Consolation.

Win. Uh, uh.

Joh. I, and *Solomon* too, *Win*, (the more the merrier) *Win*, we'll leave *Rabby Busy* in a Booth. *Solomon*, my Cloak.

Sol. Here Sir.

Bus. In the Way of Comfort to the Weak, I will go, and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy; there may be a good Use made of it, too, now I think on't; by the publick eating of Swine's Flesh, to profess our Hate and Loathing of *Judaism*, whereof the Brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea, I will eat exceedingly.

Joh. Good, i'Faith, I will eat heartily too, because I will be no *Ferv*, I could never away with that stiff-neck'd Generation: and truly, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for Pig so, i'the Mother's Belly.

Bus. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Justice, Overdo.

WE L L, in Justice Name, and the King's; and for the Commonwealth! defy all the World, *Adam Overdo*, for a Disguise, and all *Story*; for thou hast fitted thyself, I swear; fain would I meet the *Linceus* now, that Eagle's Eye, that piercing *Epidaurian* Serpent (as my *Quint. Horace* calls him) that could discover a Justice of Peace (and lately of the *Quorum*) under this Covering. They may have seen many a Fool in the Habit of a Justice; but never, till now, a Justice in the

Habit

Habit of a Fool. Thus must we do, tho', that wake for the publick Good : and thus hath the wise Magistrate done in all Ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the Way be found. Never shall I enough commend a worthy worshipful Man, sometime a capital Member of this City, for his high Wisdom, in this Point, who would take you, now the Habit of a Porter ; now of a Carman ; now of the Dog-killer, in this Month of *August* ; and in the Winter, of a Seller of Tinder-boxes ; and what would he do in all these Shapes ? marry go you into every Alehouse, and down into every Cellar ; measure the length of Puddings, take the Gage of black Pots, and Cans, I, and Custards with a Stick, and their Circumference with a Thread, weigh the Loaves of Bread on his middle Finger ; then would he send for 'em Home ; give the Puddings to the Poor, the Bread to the Hungry, the Custards to his Children ; break the Pots, and burn the Cans himself ; he would not trust his corrupt Officers ; he would do't himself. Would all Men in Authority would follow this worthy President ! For (alas) as we are publick Persons, what do we know ? nay, what can we know ? we hear with other Men's Ears ; we see with other Men's Eyes ? a foolish Constable, or a sleepy Watchman, is all our Information, he slanders a Gentleman, by the Vertue of his Place (as he calls it) and we, by the Vice of ours, must believe him. As a while gone, they made me, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous Pursivant, for a *Seminary* ; and a proper young Batchelor of Musick, for a Bawd. This we are subject to, that live in high Place, all our Intelligence is idle, and most of our Intelligencers, Knaves : and by your Leave, ourselves, thought little better, if not errant Fools, for believing 'em. I, *Adam Overdo*, am resolv'd therefore, to spare Spy-money hereafter, and make mine own Discoveries. Many are the yearly Enormities of this *Fair*, in whose Courts of *Pye-poudres* I have had the Honour during the three Days sometimes to sit as Judge. But this is the special Day for Detection of those foresaid Enormities. Here is my black Book, for the Purpose ; this the Cloud that hides me ; under this Covert I shall see, and not be

seen. On *Junius Frutus*. And as I began, so I'll end :
in Justice-name, and the King's ; and for the Common-
wealth.

S C E N E II.

*Leatherhead, Trash, Justice, Ursla, Moon-calf, Nightin-
gale, Coltermonger, Passengers.*

Lea. The Fair's Pestilence dead, methinks ; People
come not abroad, To-day, whatever the Matter is. Do
you hear, Sister *Trash*, Lady o'the Basket ? sit farther
with your Gingerbread Progeny there, and hinder not
the Prospect of my Shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i'the
Fair, what Stuff they are made on.

Tra. Why, what Stuff are they made on, Brother
Leatherhead ? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

Lea. Yes, stale Bread, rotten Eggs, musty Ginger,
and dead Honey, you know.

Jus. I ! have I met with Enormity, so soon ?

Lea. I shall mar your Market, old *Joan*.

Tra. Mar my Market, thou too-proud Pedlar ? do
thy worst ; I defy thee, I, and thy Stable of Hobby-
horses. I pay for my Ground, as well as thou dost, and
thou wrong'st me for all thou art Parcel-poet, and an En-
gineer. I'll find a Friend shall right me, and make a
Ballad of thee, and thy Cattle all over. Are you puff'd
up with the Pride of your Wares ? your *Arfedine* ?

Lea. Go to, old *Joan*, I'll talk with you anon ; and
take you down too, afore Justice *Ozerdo*, he is the Man
must charm you, I'll ha' you i'the *Pye-pouldres*.

Tra. Charm me ? I'll meet thee Face to Face, afore
his Worship, when thou dar'st ; and though I be a little
crooked o'my Body, I'll be found as upright in my
Dealing, as any Woman in *Smithfield*, I, charm me ?

Jus. I am glad, to hear, my Name is their Terror,
yet, this is doing of Justice.

Lea. What do you lack ? what is't you buy ? what
do you lack ? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horses, Babies
o'the best ? Fiddles o'th' finest ? [Enter *Cos*.]

Cos. Buy any Pears, Pears, fine, very fine Pears.

Tra. Buy any Ginger-bread, guilt Ginger-bread !

Nig. Hey, now the Fair's a filling !

O, for a Tune to startle

The Birds o'the Booth here billing :

Year-

Bartholomew F A I R.

29

Yearly with old St. Barthle !

The Drunkards they are wading,

The Punks and Chapmen trading ;

Who'd see the Fair without his Lading ? Buy any Ballads, new Ballads ?

Urs. Fie upon't : who would wear out their Youth, and Prime thus, in roasting of Pigs, that had any cooler Vocation ? Hell's a Kind of cold Cellar to't, a very fine Vault, o'my Conscience ! what, *Moon-calf.*

Moon. Here, Mistrefs.

Nig. How now, *Ursla* ? in a Heat, in a Heat ?

Urs. My Chair, you false Faucet you ? and my Morning's Draught, quickly, a Bottle of Ale, to quench me, Rascal. I am all Fire, and Fat, *Nightingale*, I shall e'en melt away to the first Woman, a Rib again, I am afraid. I do water the Ground in Knots, as I go, like a great Garden-pot, you may follow me by the S. S.s. I make.

Nig. Alas, good *Urs* ; was *Zekiel* here this Morning ?

Urs. *Zekiel* ? what *Zekiel* ?

Nig. *Zekiel Edgeworth*, the civil Cut-purse, you know him well enough ; he that talks Bawdy to you still : I call him my Secretary.

Urs. He promis'd to be here this Morning, I remember.

Nig. When he comes, bid him stay : I'll be back again presently.

Urs. Best take your Morning's Dew in your Belly, *Nightingale*, come, Sir, set it here, did not I bid you should get this Chair let out o'the Sides, for me, that my Hips might play ? you'll never think of any thing, till your Dame be Rump-gall'd ; 'tis well, Changeling : because it can take in your Grass-hopper's Thighs, you care for no more. Now, you look as you had been i'the Corner o'the Booth, fleaing your Breech, with a Candles End, and set Fire o'the Fair. Fill, *Stote* : fill.

Jus. This Pig-woman do I know, and I will put her in, for my second Enormity ; she hath been before me, *Punk*, *Pinnacle* and *Bawd*, any time these two and twenty Years, upon Record i'the *Pye-poudres*.

Urs. Fill again, you unlucky Vermin.

Moon. 'Pray you be not angry, Mistress, I'll ha'it widen'd anon.

Urs. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, e're the *Fair* be done, you think, now you ha' heated me? A poor vex'd Thing I am, I feel myself dropping already, as fast as I can: two Stone a Sewit a Day is my Proportion: I can but hold Life and Soul together, with this (here's to you, *Nightingale*) and a Whiff of *Tobacco*, at most. Where's my Pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant *Incubus*.

Nig. Nay, *Ursla*, thou'lt gall between the Tongue and the Teeth, with Fretting, now.

Urs. How can I hope, that ever he'll discharge his Place of Trust, Tapster, a Man of reckoning under me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but look to't Sirrah, you were best, three Pence a Pipe full, I will ha'made, of all my whole half Pound of Tobacco, and a quarter of a Pound of *Coltsfoot*, mix'd with it too, to itch it out. I, that have dealt so long in the Fire, will not be to seek in Smoak, now. Then 26 s. a Barrel I will advance o'my Beer, and 50 s. a hundred o'my Bottle Ale, I ha'told you the Ways how to raise it. Froth your Cans well i'the filling, at length Rogue, and jog your Bottles o'the Buttocks, Sirrah, then skink out the first Glafs, ever, and drink with all Companies, tho' you be sure to be drunk; you'll mis-reckon the better, and be less asham'd on't. But your true Trick, Rascal, must be, to be ever busy, and mis-take away the Bottles and Cans, in haste, before they be half drunk off, and never hear any body call (if they should chance to mark you) till you ha' brought fresh, and be able to forswear 'em. Give me a drink of Ale.

Jus. This is the very *Womb* and *Bed* of Enormity! gross as herself! this must all down for Enormity, all, every Whit on't.

[*One knocks.*]

Urs. Look, who's there, Sirrah? five Shillings a Pig is my Price, at least; if it be a Sow-pig, Sixpence more; if she be a great belly'd Wife, and long for't, Sixpence more for that.

Jus. O *Tempora!* O *Mores!* I would not ha' lost my Discovery of this one Grievance, for my Place, and Wor-
ship.

ship o'the *Bench*, how is the poor Subject abus'd, here ! well, I will fall in with her, and with her *Moon-calf*, and win out Wonders of Enormity. By thy leave, goodly Woman, and the Fatness of the *Fair*: oily as the King's Constable's Lamp, and shining as his Shooing-horn ! hath thy Ale vertue, or thy Beer strength ? that the Tongue of Man may be tickled ? and his Palate pleas'd in the Morning ? let thy pretty Nephew, here, go search and see.

Urs. What new Roarer is this ?

Moon. O Lord ! do you not know him, Mistress, 'tis mad *Arthur* of *Bradley*, that makes the Orations. Brave Master, old *Arthur* of *Bradley*, how do you ? welcome to the *Fair*, when shall we hear you again, to handle your Matters ? with your Back again a Booth, ha ? I ha' been one o' your little Disciples, i' my Days !

Jus. Let me drink, Boy, with my Love, thy Aunt, here ; that I may be eloquent : but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my Mouth, and my Words fall foul on the *Fair*.

Urs. Why dost thou not fetch him drink ? and offer him to sit ?

Moon. Is't Ale, or Beer ? Master *Arthur* ?

Jus. Thy best, pretty Stripling, thy best ; the same thy Dove drinketh, and thou drawest on Holy-days.

Urs. Bring him a Sixpenny Bottle of Ale ; they say, a Fool's handsel 's lucky.

Jus. Bring both, Child. Ale for *Arthur*, and Beer for *Bradley*. Ale for thine Aunt, Boy. My Disguise takes to the very Wish, and Reach of it. I shall by the Benefit of this, discover enough, and more : and yet get off with the Reputation of what I would be. A certain middling Thing, between a Fool and a Madman.

SCENE III. [*Knockum* to them.]

Knoc. What ! my little lean *Ursla* ! my She-bear ! art thou alive yet ? with thy Litter of Pigs, to grunt out another *Bartholomew Fair* ? ha !

Urs. Yes, and to amble a-foot, when the *Fair* is done, to hear you groan out of a Cart, up the heavy Hill.

Knoc. Of *Holborn*, *Ursla*, mean'st thou so ? for what ? for what, pretty *Urs* ?

Urs. For cutting Half-penny Purfes ; or stealing little Penny-dogs, out o'the *Fair*.

Knot. O ! good Words, good Words, *Urs.*

Jus. Another special Enormity. A Cutpurse of the Sword ! the Boot, and the Feather ! those are his Marks.

Urs. You are one of those Horfleaches, that gave out I was dead, in *Turnbull-street*, of a Surfeit of Bottle Ale, and Tripes ?

Knoc. No, 'twas better Meat, *Urs.* Cows Udders, Cows Udders !

Urs. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling Mouth one Day.

Knoc. What ? thou'lt poison me with a Neuft in a Bottle of Ale, wilt thou ? or a Spider in a Tobacco Pipe, *Urs.* ? Come, there's no Malice in these fat Folks, I never fear the, and I can 'scape thy lean *Moon-calf* here. Let's drink it out, good *Urs.*, and no Vapours !

Jus. Dost thou hear, Boy ? (there's for thy Ale, and the Remnant for thee) speak in thy Faith of a Faucet, now ; is this goodly Person before us here, this Vapours, a Knight of the Knife ?

Moon. What mean you by that, Master *Arthur* ?

Jus. I mean a Child of the Horn-thumb, a Babe of Booty, Boy, a Cutpurse.

Moon. O Lord, Sir ! far from it. This is Master *Dan. Knockum* : *Jordan* the Ranger of *Turnbull*. He is a Horse-courser, Sir.

Jus. Thy dainty Dame, though, call'd him Cutpurse.

Moon. Like enough, Sir, she'll do Forty such Things in an Hour (an' you listen to her) for her Recreation, if the Toy take her i'the greasy Kerchief : it makes her fat you see. She battens with it.

Jus. Here might I ha'been deceiv'd now : and ha' put a Fool's Blot upon myself, if I had not play'd an After-game o' Discretion.

Knoc. Alas ! poor *Urs.*, this is an ill Season for thee.

[*Ursula comes in again dropping.*]

Urs. Hang yourself, Hackney-man.

Knoc. How ? how ? *Urs.*, Vapours ! Motion breed Vapours ?

Urs. Vapours ? Never tusk, nor twirl your Dibble, good *Jordan*, I know what you'll take to a very Drop.
Tho'

Bartholomew F A I R. 33

Tho' you be Captain o'the Roarers and fight well at the Cafe of Pispots, you shall not fright me with your Lion-chap, Sir, nor your Tusks. you angry? you are hungry: come, a Pig's Head will stop your Mouth, and stay your Stomach, at all times.

Knoc. Thou art such another mad merry *Urs* still! Troth I do make Conscience of vexing thee, now i'the Dog-days, this hot Weather, for fear of foundring thee i'the Body, and melting down a *Pillar* of the *Fair*. Pray thee take thy Chair again, and keep State; and let's have a fresh Bottle of Ale, and a Pipe of Tobacco; and no Vapours. I'll ha'this Belly o'thine taken up, and thy Grafs scour'd, Wench; look! here's *Ezekiel Edgworth*; a fine Boy of his Inches, as any is i'the *Fair*! has still Money in his Purse, and will pay all, with a kind Heart; and good Vapours.

S C E N E IV.

[To them.] *Edgworth, Nightingale, Corn-cutter, Tinder-box-man, Passengers.*

Edg. That I will, indeed, willingly, Master *Knockburn*, some Ale and Tobacco.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? Maid; see a fine Hobby-horse for your young Master: cost you but a Token a Week his Provender.

Cor. Ha' yuor any Corns i'your Feet, and Toes?

Tin. Buy a Mouse-trap, a Mouse-trap, or a Tormen-tor for a Flea.

Tra. Buy some Ginger-bread.

Nig. Ballads, Ballads! fine new Ballads:

Hear for your Love, and buy for your Money.

A delicate Bal'ad o'the Ferret and the Coney.

A Preservative again'the Punks Evil.

Another of Goose-green-starch, and the Devil.

A Dozen of divine Points, and the godly Garters.

The Fairing of good Counsel, of an Ell and three quarters. What is't you buy?

The Wind-mill blown d own by the Witch's Fart!

Or Saint George, that O! did break the Dragon's heart!

Edg. Master *Nightingale*, come hither, leave your Mart a little.

Nig. O my Secretary! what says my Secretary?

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Jus. Child o'the Bottles, what's he? what's he?

Moon. A civil young Gentleman, Master *Arthur*, that keeps Company with the Roarers, and disburses all, still. He has ever Money in his Purse; he pays for them; and they roar for him: one does good Offices for another. They call him the Secretary, but he serves no body. A great Friend of the Ballad-mans, they are never asunder.

Jus. What Pity 'tis, so civil a young Man should haunt this debauch'd Company? here's the Bane of the Youth of our Time apparent. A proper Penman, I see't in his Countenance, he has a good Clerk's look with him, and I warrant him a quick Hand.

Noon. A very quick Hand, Sir.

Edg. All the Purfes, and Purchase, I give you to Day by Conveyance, [*This they whisper that Overdo bears it not.*] bring hither to *Ursula's* presently. Here we will meet at Night in her Lodge, and share. Look you choose good Places, for your standing i'the Fair, when you sing, *Nightingale*.

Urs. I, near the fullest Passages; and shift 'em often.

Edg. And i'your Singing, you must use your Hawk's Eye nimbly, and fly the Purse to a Mark, still, where 'tis worn, and o'which Side; that you may gi'me the Sign with your Beak, or hang your Head that Way i'the Tune.

Urs. Enough, talk no more on't; your Friendship (Masters) is not now to begin: Drink your Draught of Indenture, your Sup of Covenant, and away, the Fair fills a-pace, Company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a Pig ready yet.

Knoc. Well said! fill the Cups, and light the Tobacco: let's give Fire i'th'Works, and noble Vapours.

Edg. And shall we ha' Smocks, *Ursula*, and good Whimfies, ha?

Urs. Come, you are i'your bawdy Vein! the best the Fair will afford, *Zekiel*, if Bawd *Whit* keep his Word; how do the Pigs, *Moon-calf*?

Moon. Very passionate, Mistress, one on'em has wept out an Eye. Master *Arthur o'Bradley* is melancholy, here, no body talks to him. Will you any Tobacco, Master *Arthur*?

Jus. No, Boy, let my Meditations alone.

Moon. He's studying for an Oration, now.

Jus.

Jus. If I can, with this Day's Travel, and all my Policy, but rescue this Youth, here, out of the Hands of the lewd Man, and the strange Woman, I will sit down at Night, and say with my Friend *Ovid*,

Jamq; opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec Ignis, &c.

Knoc. Here, *Zekiel*; here's a Health to *Ursla*, and a kind Vapour, thou hast Money i'thy Purse still; and Store! how dost thou come by it? Pray thee vapour thy Friends some in a courteous Vapour.

Edg. Half I have, Master *Dan. Knockhum*, is always at your Service.

Jus. Ha, sweet Nature! what Goshawk would prey upon such a Lamb?

Knoc. Let's see, what 'tis, *Zekiel*! count it, come, fill him to pledge me.

S C E N E V.

Win-wife, Quarlous. [To them.

Win-w. We are here before 'em, methinks.

Quar. All the better, we shall see 'em come in now.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen, what is't you lack? a fine Horse? a Lion? a Bull? a Bear? a Dog, or a Cat? an excellent fine *Bartholomew*-bird? or an Instrument? what is't you lack?

Quar. 'Slid! here's *Orpheus* among the Beasts, with his Fiddle, and all!

Tra. Will you buy any comfortable Bread, Gentlemen?

Quar. And *Ceres* selling her Daughter's Picture, in Ginger-work!

Win. That these People should be so ignorant to think us Chapmen for 'em! do we look as if we would buy Ginger-bread? or Hobby-horses?

Quar. Why, they know no better Ware than they have, nor better Customers than come. And our very being here makes us fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would *Cokes* would come! there were a true Customer for 'em.

Knoc. How much is't? 30 s. who's yonder! *Ned Win-wife*? and *Tom Quarlous*, I think! (gi'me it all) (gi'me it all) Master *Win-wife*! Master *Quarlous*! will you take a Pipe of *Tobaeco* with us? do not discredit me now *Zekiel*.

Win. Do not see him ? he is the roaring Horse-courser
pray thee let's avoid him ; turn down this Way.

Quar. 'Slud, I'll see him, and roar with him, too, 'an'
he roar'd as loud as *Neptune*, pray thee go with me.

Win. You may draw me to as likely an Inconvenience
when you please, as this.

Quar. Go to then, come along, we ha'nothing to do,
Man, but to see Sights, now.

Knoc. Welcome Master *Quarlous*, and Master *Win-wife* !
will you take any Froth, and smoak with us ?

Quar. Yes. Sir, but you'll pardon us, if we knew not
of so much Familiarity between us afore.

Knoc. As what, Sir ?

Quar. To be so lightly invited to smoak, and froth.

Knoc. A good Vapour ! will you sit down, Sir ? this is
old *Ursla's* Mansion, how like you her Bower ? here you
may ha'your Punk, and your Pig in State, Sir, both
piping hot.

Quar. I had rather ha'my Punk cold, Sir.

Jus. There's for me, Punk ! and Pig !

Urs. What *Moon-calf* ? you Rogue. [*She calls within.*]

Moon. By and by, the Bottle is almost off, Mistress,
here, Master *Arthur*.

Urs. I'll part you, and your Play-fellow there, i'the
guarded Coat, an' you sunder not the sooner.

Knoc. Master *Win-wife*, you are proud (methinks) you
do not talk, nor drink, are you proud ?

Win. Not of the Company I am in, Sir, nor the
Place, I assure you.

Knoc. You do not except at the Company ! do you ?
are you in Vapours, Sir ?

Moon. Nay, good Master *Dan. Knockbum*, respect my
Mistress's Bower, as you call it ; for the Honour of our
Booth, none o'your Vapours here.

Urs. Why, you thin lean Polcat you, [*She comes out
with a Firebrand.*] an' they have a Mind to be i'their
Vapours, must you hinder 'em ? what did you know,
Vermin, if they would ha' lost a Cloak, or such a Trifle ?
must you be drawing the Air of Pacification here ? while
I am tormented, within, i'the Fire, you Weasel ?

Moon. Good Mistress, 'twas in the behalf of your
Booth's Credit. that I spoke.

Urs.

Urs. Why ? would my Booth ha'broke, if they had fall'n out in't ? Sir ? or would their Heat ha'fired it ? in, you Rogue, and wipe the Pigs, and mend the Fire, that they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you, till your Eyes drop out, like 'em. (Leave the Bottle behind you, and be curs'd a while.)

Quar. Body o'the *Fair* ! what's this ? Mother o'the Bawds ?

Knoc. No, she's Mother o'the Pigs, Sir, Mother o'the Pigs !

Win-w. Mother o'the *Furies*, I think, by her Fire-brand.

Quar. Nay, she is too fat to be a Fury, sure, some walking Sow of Tallow !

Win-w. An inspir'd Vessel of Kitchin-stuff !

Quar. She'll make excellent Geer for the Coach-makers, here in *Smithfield*, to anoint Wheels and Axle-Trees with. [She drinks the while.]

Urs. I, I, Gamesters, mock a plain plump soft Wench o'the Suburbs, do, because she's juicy and wholesome : you must ha' your thin pinch'd Ware, pent up i'the compass of a Dog-collar (or 'twill not do) that looks like a long lac'd *Conger*, set upright, and a green Feather, like *Fennel* i'the Jole on't.

Knoc. Well said, *Urs*, my good *Urs* ; to 'em, *Urs*.

Quar. Is she your Quagmire, *Dan. Knockbum* ? is this your Bog ?

Nig. We shall have a Quarrel presently.

Knoc. How ? Bog ? Quagmire ? foul Vapours ! hum !

Quar. Yes, he that would venture for't, I assure him, might sink into her, and be drown'd a Week, e're any Friend he had, could find where he were.

Win-w. And then he would be a Fort'night weighing up again.

Quar. 'Twere like falling into a whole *Shire* of Butter : they had need be a Team of *Dutchmen* should draw him out.

Knoc. Answer 'em, *Urs*, where's thy *Bartholomew-wit*. now ? *Urs*, thy *Bartholomew-wit* ?

Urs. Hang 'em rotten, roguy Cheaters, I hope to see 'em plagu'd one Day (fox'd they are already, I am sure with)

with lean Pl y-house Poultry. that has the bony Rump sticking out like the Ace of Spades, or the Point of a Partizan, that every Rib of 'em is like the Tooth of a Saw ; and will so grate 'em with their Hips and Shoulders (as take 'em altogether) they were as good lie with a Hurdle.

Quar. Out upon her, how she drips ! she's able to give a Man the Sweating Sickness, with looking on her.

Urs. Marry look off, with a Patch o' your Face ; and a Dozen i' your Breech, tho' they be of Scarlet, Sir. I ha' seen as fine Outsides, as either o' yours, bring lousy Linings to the Brokers e're now, twice a Week ?

Quar. Do you think there may be a fine new Ducking-stool i' the *Fair*, to be purchas'd ? one large enough, I mean. I know there is a Pond of Capacity, for her.

Urs. For your Mother, you Rascal, out you Rogue, you Hedge-bird, you Pimp, you Pannier-man's Bastard, you.

Quar. Ha, ha, ha.

Urs. Do you sneer, you Dog's-head, you *Trendle-tail* ! you look as you were begotten a-top of a Cart in Harvest-time, when the Whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuff after your Brother's Bitch, Mrs. *Commodity*, that's the Linen you wear, 'twill be out at the Elbows shortly. It's time you went to't, for the t'other Remnant.

Knoc. Peace, *Urs*, Peace *Urs*, they'll kill the poor Whale, and make Oil of her. Pray thee go in.

Urs. I'll see 'em pox'd first, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

Win-w. Let's away, her Language grows greasier than her Pigs.

Urs. Dos't so, snotty Nose ? good Lord ! are you sniveling ? you were engender'd on a She-beggar, in a Barn, when the bald Thrasher, your Sire, was scarce warm.

Win-w. Pray thee let's go.

Quar. No, Faith : I'll stay the End of her, now : I know she cannot last long ; I find by her *Similies* she wanes a-pace.

Urs. Do's she so ? I'll set you gone. Gi'me my Pigpan hither a little. I'll scald you hence, and you will not go.

Knoc.

Knoc. Gentlemen, these are very strange Vapours ! and very idle Vapours ! I assure you.

Quar. You are a very serious Afs, we assure you.

Knoc. Umh ! Afs ? and serious ? nay, then pardon me my Vapour. I have a foolish Vapour, Gentlemen : any Man that does vapour me, the Afs, Master *Quar-*
lous—

Quar. What then, Master *Jordan* ?

Knoc. I do vapour him the Lye.

Quar. Faith, and to any Man that vapours me the Lye, I do vapour that.

Knoc. Nay, then, Vapours upon Vapours.

Edg. Nig. 'Ware the Pan, the Pan, Pan, she comes with the Pan, Gentlemen. God bless the Woman.

Urs. Oh.

[*They fight.*]

Era. What's the Matter ?

Jus. Goodly Woman !

Moon. Mistress !

[*She falls with the Pig-pan.*]

Urs. Curse of Hell, that ever I saw these Fiends, oh ! I ha'scall'd my Leg, my Leg, my Leg. I ha' lost a Limb in the Service ? run for some Cream and Sallad Oil, quickly. Are you under-peering, you Baboon ? rip off my Hose, an'you be Men, Men, Men.

Moon. Run you for some Cream, good Mother *Joan*. I'll look to your Basket.

Lea. Best sit up i' your Chair, *Ursla*. Help, Gentlemen.

Knoc. Be of good Chear, *Urs*, thou hast hinder'd me the currying of a Couple of Stallions, here, that abus'd the good Race-*Barnd* o' Smithfield ; 'twas time for 'em to go.

Nig. I Faith, when the Pan-came, they had made you run else. (this had been a fine time for Purchase, if you had ventur'd.)

Edg. Not a Whit, these Fellows were too fine to carry Money.

Knoc. *Nightingale*, get some Help to carry her Leg out o'the Air ; take off her Shoes ; bod o'mm she has the Mallanders, the Scratches, the Crown-scab, and the Quitter-bone, i'the t'other Leg.

Urs. Oh ! the Pox, why do you put me in Mind o'my Leg, thus, to make it prick, and shoot ? wou'd you ha' me i'the Hospital afore my time ?

Knoc.

Knoc. Patience, *Urs*, take a good Heart, 'tis but a Blister, as big as a Windgall ; I'll take it away with the White of an Egg, a little Honey, and Hog's Grease, ha' thy Pasterns well roll'd, and thou shal't pace again by To-morrow. I'll tend thy Booth, and look to thy Affairs, the while : thou shalt sit i'thy Chair, and give Directions, and shine *Urfa-major*.

S C E N E VI.

Justice, Edgworth, Nightingale, Cokes, Wasp, Mistress Overdo, Grace.

These are the Fruits of Bottle-ale, and Tobacco ! the Foam of the one, and the Fumes of the other ! Stay, young Man, and despise not the Wisdom of these few Hairs, that are grown grey in care of thee

Edg. Nightingale, stay a little. Indeed I'll hear some o'this !

Cok. Come, *Numps*, come, where are you ? we'come into the *Fair*, Mistress *Grace*.

Edg. 'Slight, he will call Company, you shall see, and put us into Doings presently.

Jus. Thirst not after that frothy Liquor, Ale : for, who knows, when he openeth the Stopple, what may be in the Bottle ? hath not a Snail, a Spider, yea a Neuft been found there ? thirst not after it, Youth ; thirst not after it.

Cok. This is a brave Fellow, *Numps*, let's hear him.

Wasp 'Sblood, how brave is he ? in a guarded Coat ? you were best truck with him, e'en strip, and truck presently, it will become you, why will you hear him, because he is an Afs, and may be a kin to the *Cokeses* !

Cok O, good *Numps* !

Jus. Neither do thou lust after that tawny Weed, Tobacco.

Cok. Brave Words !

Jus. Whose Complexion is like the *Indian's* that vents it !

Cok. Are they not brave Words, Sister ?

Jus. And who can tell, if, before the gathering, and making up thereof, the Alligator hath not pifs'd thereon ?

Wasp. 'Sheart let 'em be brave Words, as brave as they will ! and they were all the brave Words in a Country,

Bartholomew FAIR.

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try, how then ? will you away yet ? ha' you enough on him ? Mistress *Grace*, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessary. If you do lose your Licence, or somewhat else, Sir, with list'ning to his Fables : say, *Numps*, is a Witch, with all my Heart, do, say so.

Cok. Avoid i'your Sattin Doublet, *Numps*.

Jus. The creeping Venom of which subtil Serpent, as some late Writers affirm ; neither the cutting of the perilous Plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting, or burning, can any Way perfway or assuage.

Cok. Good, i'Faith ! is't not, Sister ?

Jus. Hence it is, that the Lungs of the Tobacconist are rotted, the Liver spotted, the Brain smoak'd like the Backside of the Pigwoman's Booth, here, and the whole Body within black, as her Pan, you saw e'en now, without.

Cok. A fine Similitude, that, Sir ! did you see the Pan ?

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Jus. Nay, the Hole in the Nose here, of some Tobacco-takers, or the third Nostril (if I may so call it) which makes, that they can vent the Tobacco out, like the Ace of Clubs, or rather the *Fleur-de-lice*, is caused from the Tobacco, the mere Tobacco ! when the Poor innocent Pox, having nothing to do there, is miserably, and most unconscionably slander'd.

Cok. Who would ha' mis'd this, Sister ?

Ower. Not any body, but *Numps*.

Cok. He does not understand.

Edg. Nor you feel.

Cok. What would you have, Sister, of a Fellow [*He picks his Purse.*] that knows nothing but a Basket-hilt, and an old Fox in't ? the best Musick, i'the *Fair*, will not move a Log.

Edg. In, to *Ursla*, *Nightingale*, and carry her Comfort : see it told. This Fellow was sent to us by Fortune, for our first Fairing.

Jus. But what speak I of the Diseases of the Body, Children of the *Fair* ?

Cok. That's to us, Sister. Brave i'Faith.

Jus. Hark, O, you Sons and Daughters of *Smithfield* ! and hear what Malady it doth the Mind : It causeth
Swear-

Swearing, it causeth Swaggering, it causeth Snuffling, and Snarling, and now and then a Hurt.

Over. He hath something of Master *Overdo*, methinks, Brother.

Cok. So methought, Sister, very much of my Brother *Overdo*: And 'tis, when he speaks.

Jus. Look into any Angle o'the Town, (the *Streights*, or the *Bermuda's*) where the quarrelling Lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time, but with Bottle-ale and Tobacco? The Lecturer is o'one Side, and his Pupils o'the other; but the Seconds are still Bottle-ale and Tobacco, for which the Lecturer reads, and the Novices pay. Thirty Pound a Week in Bottle-ale! Forty in Tobacco! and ten more in Ale again. Then for a Suit to drink in, so much, and (that being flaver'd) so much for another Suit, and then a third Suit, and a fourth Suit! and still the Bottle-ale flavereth, and the Tobacco stinketh!

Wasp. Heart of a Madman! are you rooted here? will you never away? what can any Man find out in this bawling Fellow, to grow here for? he is a full Handful higher, sin'he heard him, will you fix here? and set up a Booth? Sir?

Jus. I will conclude briefly——

Wasp. Hold your Peace, you roaring Rascal, I'll run my Head i'your Chaps else. You were best build a Booth, and entertain him, make your Will, and you say the Word, and him your Heir! Heart, I never knew one taken with a Mouth of a Peck, afore. By this Light, I'll carry you away o'my Back, and you will not come.

[He takes him on his Back.

Cok. Stay *Numps*, stay, set me down: I ha'lost my Purse, *Numps*, O my Purse! one o'my fine Purse is gone,

Over. Is't indeed, Brother?

Cok. I, as I am honest Man, would I were an errant Rogue else! a Plague of all Roguery, damn'd Cat-purses for me.

Wasp. Bless 'em with all my Heart, with all my Heart, do you see! Now, as I am no Infidel, that I know of, I am glad on't. I am, (here's my Witness!) do you see,

Sir?

Sir ? I did not tell you of his Fables, I ? no, no, I am a dull Malt-horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not justly serv'd i' your Conscience now ? speak i' your Conscience. Much good do you with all my Heart, and his good Heart that has it, with all my Heart again.

Edg. This Fellow is very charitable, would he had a Purse too ! but, I must not be too bold, all at a time.

Cok. Nay, *Numps*, it is not my best Purse.

Wasp. Not your best ! Death ! why should it be your worst ? why should it be any, indeed, at all ? answer me to that, gi' me a Reason from you, why it should be any ?

Cok. Nor my Gold, *Numps*, ; I ha' that yet, look here else, Sister.

Wasp. Why so, there's all the Feeling he has !

Over. I pray you, have a better Care of that, Brother.

Cok. Nay, so I will, I warrant you ; let him catch this, that catch can. I would fain see him get this, look you here.

Wasp. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so ! very good.

Cok. I would ha' him come again, now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take Notice of a good Jest ? I will put it just where t'other was, and if we ha' good Luck, you shall see a delicate fine Trap to catch the Cutpurse, nibbling.

Edg. Faith, and he'll try e're you be out o' the Fair.

Cok. Come, Mistress *Grace*, pry'thee be not melancholy for my Mischance ; Sorrow wi' not keep it, Sweetheart.

Gra. I do not think on't, Sir.

Cok. 'Twas but a little scurvy white Money, hang it : it may hang the Cutpurse, one Day. I ha' Gold left to gi' thee a Fairing, yet, as hard as the World goes ; nothing angers me, but that no body here, look'd like a Cutpurse, unless 'twere *Numps*.

Wasp. How ? I ? I look like a Cutpurse ? Death ! your Sister's a Cutpurse ! and your Mother and Father, and all your Kin were Cutpurses ! And here is a Rogue is the Bawd o' the Cutpurses, whom I will beat to begin with.

Cok. *Numps*, *Numps*.

Over.

Over. Good Mr. *Humphrey*.

Wasp. You are the *Patrico*! are you? the Patriarch of the Cutpurses? you share, Sir, they say, let 'em share this with you. [*Wasp beats the Justice.*] Are you i' your hot Fit of preaching again? I'll cool you.

Jus. Hold thy Hand, Child of Wrath, and Heir of Anger, make it not Childermas Day in thy Fury, or the Feast of the *French Bartholomew*, Parent of the Massacre. Murther, Murther, Murther.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Whit, Haggise, Bristle, Leatherhead, Trafb.

N A Y, tish all gone, now! dish tish phen tou vilt not be phitin Call, Master Offisher, phat ish a Man te better to lishen out Noyshes for tee, and tou art in oder 'orld, being very shuffishient Noyshes and gallantsh too. one o'their brabblesh wou'd have fed ush all dish Fortnight, but tou art so bushy about Begger'sh stil, tou hast no leshure to intend Shentlemen, an't be.

Hag. Why, I told you, *Davy Bristle*.

Bri. Come, come, you told me a Pudding, *Toby Haggise*; a Matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing! you said, let's go to *Ursla's*, indeed; but then you met the Man with the Monsters, and I could not get you from him. An old Fool, not leave seeing yet!

Hag. Why, who would ha'thought any body would ha' quarrell'd so early? or that the Ale o'the *Fair* would ha' been up so soon.

Whi. Phy? phat a Clock toest tou tink it ish, Man?

Hag. I cannot tell.

Whi. Tou art a vishe Vatchman, i'te mean teem.

Hag. Why? should the Watch go by the Clock, or the Clock by the Watch, I pray?

Bri. One should go by another, if they did well.

Whi. Tou art right now! phen didst tou ever know, or hear of a shufficient Vatchman, but he did tell the Clock, phat Bushiness soever he had?

Bri. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient Watchman knows what o'Clock it is.

Whi.

Whi. Shleeping, or vaking ! ash well as te Clock him-
self, or te Jack dat shtrikes him !

Bri. Let's enquire of Master *Leatherhead*, or *Joan*
Trafh here. Master *Leatherhead*, do you hear, Master
Leatherhead ?

Whi. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledder-
head, tat sho much Noish vill not peirsh him.

Lea. I have a little Bufiness now, good Friends, do not
trouble me.

Whi. Phat ? because o'ty-wrought Neet Cap, and ty
phelvet Sherkin, Man ! phy ? I have sheen tee in ty Led-
der Sherkin, e're now, Mashter o'de Hobby-horses, as
bushy and as stately as tou sheem'ft to be.

Tra. Why, what an'you have, Captain *Whit* ? he
has his Choice of Jerkins, you may see by that, and his
Caps too, I assure you, when he pleases to be either sick,
or imploy'd.

Lea. God a Mercy *Joan*, answer for me.

Whi. Away, be not sheen i'my Company, here be
Shentlemen and Men of Vorphip.

SCENE II.

Quarlous, Whit, Win-wife, Busy, John, Purecraft, Win,
Knockhum, Moon-calf, Ursla.

We had wonderful ill Luck, to misf this Prologue o'
the Purfe, but the best is, we shall have five *Acts* of him
e're Night : he'il be Spectacle enough ! I'll answer for't.

Whi. O Creefh ! Duke *Quarlous* ; how dosht tou ? tou
dosht not know me, I fear ? I am te vishesht Man, but
Justish *Overdo*, in all *Bartholomew Fair*, now. Gi'me
Twelve-pence from tee, I vill help tee to a Vife vorth
forty Marks for't, an't be.

Quar. Away, Rogue, Pimp, away.

Whi. And she shall shew tee as fine cut o'rk for't in
her Shmock too, as tou cansht vishe i'Faith ; vilt tou
have her, vorphipful *Vin-wife* ? I vill help tee to her,
heere, an't be, in te Pig-quarter, gi'me ty Twelve-
pence from tee.

Win-w. Why, there's Twelvepence, pray thee wilt
thou be gone.

Whi. Thou art a vorthy Man, and a vorphipful Man
still.

Quar. Get you gone, Rascal.

Whi.

Whi. I do mean it, Man, Frinsh *Quarlous*, if tou hasht need on me, tou shalt find me heere, at *Ursla's*, I vill see phat Ale, and Punque ish i'te Pigfhty, for tee, blefs ty good Vorship.

Quar. Look ! who comes here ! *John Little-wit* !

Win-w. And his Wife, and my Widow, her Mother : the whole Family.

Quar. 'Slight, you must gi'em all Fairings, now !

Win-w. Not I, I'll not see 'em.

Quar. They are going a Feasting. What School-master's that's with 'em ?

Win-w. That's my Rival, I believe the Baker !

Bus. So, walk on in the middle Way, fore-right, turn neither to the right Hand, nor to the left : let not your Eyes be drawn aside with Vanity, nor your Ear with Noises.

Quar. I know him by that Start !

Lea. What do you lack ? what do you buy, pretty Mistress ! a fine Hobby-horse, to make your Son a Tilter ? a Drum, to make him a Soldier ? a Fiddle, to make him a Reveller ? What is't you lack ? little Dogs for your Daughters ! or Babies, Male or Female ?

Bus. Look not toward them, hearken not : the Place is *Smithfield*, or the Field of Smiths, the Grove of Hobby-horses and Trinkets, the Wares are the Wares of Devils. And the whole *Fair* is the Shop of *Satan* ! They are Hooks, and Baits, very Baits, that are hung out on every Side, to catch you, and to hold you, as it were, by the Gills, and by the Nostrils, as the Fisher doth : therefore, you must not look, nor turn toward them——The Heathen Man could stop his Ears with Wax, against the Harlot o'the Sea : Do you the like, with your Fingers against the Bells of the Beast.

Win-w. What Flashes comes from him !

Quar. O, he has those of his Oven ! a notable hot Baker 'twas, when he ply'd the Peel : he is leading his Flock into the *Fair*, now.

Win-w. Rather driving 'em to the Pens : for he will let 'em look upon nothing.

Knoc. Gentlewomen, the Weather's hot ! whither walk you ? Have a Care o'your fine Velvet Caps, the *Fair* is dusty. Lit-

[Little-wit is gazing at the Sign, which is the Pig's-head, with a large Writing under it.] Take a sweet delicate Booth, with Boughs, here i'the Way, and cool yourselves i'the Shade, you and your Friends. The best Pig and Bottle-ale i'the Fair, Sir. Old *Ursla* is Cook, there you may read: the Pig's Head speaks it. Poor Soul, she has had a *Stringhalt*, the *Maryhincho*: but she's prettily amended.

Whi. A delicate Show-pig, little Mistrifs, with sweet Sauce, and Crackling, like Bay-leave i'de Fire, la! Tou shalt ha'de cleane Side o'de Table-clot, and di glass vash'd with Phatersh of Dame *Annessh Cleare*.

Job. This's fine, verily, here be the best Pigs; and she does roast 'em as well as ever she did; the Pig's Head says.

Knoc. Excellent, excellent, Mistrefs, with Fire o' *Juniper* and *Rosemary* Branches! The Oracle of the Pig's Head, that, Sir.

Pur. Son, were you not warn'd of the Vanity of the Eye? have you forgot the wholesome Admonition, so soon?

Job. Good Mother, how shall we find a Pig, if we do not look about for't? will it run off o'the Spit into our Mouths, think you? as in *Lubberland*? and cry, *we, we*.

Bus. No, but your Mother, religiously-wise, conceiveth it may offer itself, by other Means, to the Sense, as by Way of Steam, which I think it doth, here in this Place (uh, uh) yes, it doth, [*Busy scents after it like a Hound.*] and it were a Sin of Obstinacy, great Obstinacy, high and horrible Obstinacy, to decline, or resist the good Titillation of the famelick Sense, which is the Smell. Therefore be bold (uh, uh, uh,) follow the Scent. Enter the Tents of the Unclean, for once, and satisfy your Wife's Frailty. Let your frail Wife be satisfy'd: your zealous Mother, and my suffering self, will also be satisfy'd.

Job. Come, *Win*, as good *Winny* here, as go farther and see nothing.

Bus. We 'scape so much of the other Vanities, by our early entring.

Pur. It is an edifying Consideration.

Win-w.

Win-w. This is scurvy that we must come into the Fair and not look on't.

Job. Win, have Patience *Win,* I'll tell you more anon.

Knoc. Moon-calf, entertain within there, the best Pig i'the Booth ; a Pork-like Pig. These are *Banbury-bloods,* o'the sincere Stud, come a Pig-hunting. *Whit,* wait *Whit,* look to your charge.

Bus. A Pig prepare, presently, let a Pig be prepar'd to us.

Moon. 'Slight, who be these ?

Urs. Is this the good Service, *Jordan,* you'll do me ?

Knoc. Why, *Urs* ? why, *Urs* ? thou'lt ha' Vapours i'thy Leg again presently, pray thee go in, 't may turn to the Scratches else.

Urs. Hang your Vapours, they are stale, and stink like you, are these the Guests o'the Game, you promis'd to fill my Pit withal To-day ?

Knoc. What ail they, *Urs* ?

Urs. Ail they ? they are all Sippers, Sippers o'the City, they look as they would not drink off two Penn'orth of Bottle-ale amongst 'em.

Moon. A body may read that i'their small printed Ruffs.

Knoc. Away, thou art a Fool, *Urs,* and thy *Moon-calf* too, i'your ignorant Vapours, now ? hence, good Guests, I say right Hypocrites, good Gluttons. In, and set a couple o'Pigs o'the Board, and half a Dozen of the biggest Bottles afore 'em, and call *Whit,* I do not love to hear Innocents abus'd : Fine ambling Hypocrites ! and a Stone Puritan, with a Sorrel Head and Beard, good mouth'd Gluttons : two to a Pig, away.

Urs. Are you sure they are such ?

Knoc. O'the right Breed, thou shalt try 'em by the Teeth, *Urs,* where's this *Whit* ?

Whi. Behold Man and see, what a worthy Man am ee !

*With the fury of my Sword, and the shaking of my
I will make ten thousand Men afraid.* [Beard,

Knoc. Well said, brave *Whit,* in, and fill the Ale out o'the Bottles, into the Bellies of the Brethren, and the Sisters drink to the Cause, and pure Vapours.

Quar. My Roarer is turn'd Tapster, methinks. Now
were

were a fine time for thee, *Win-wife*, to lay aboard thy Widow, thou'lt never be Master of a better Season, or Place; she that will venture herself into the *Fair*, and a Pig-box, will admit any Assault, be assur'd of that.

Win-w. I love not Enterprises of that Suddenness, tho'.

Quar. I'll warrant thee, then, no Wife out o'the Widow's Hundred: if I had but as much Title to her, as to have breath'd once on that streight Stomacher of her's, I would now assure myself to carry her, yet e're she went out of *Smithfield*. Or she should carry me, which were the fitter Sight, I confess. But you are a modest Undertaker, by Circumstances, and Degrees; come, 'tis Disease in thee, not Judgment, I should offer at all together. Look, here's the poor Fool, again; that was stung by the Wasp, e're while.

S C E N E III.

Justice, Win-wife, Quarulous.

Jus. I will make no more Orations, shall draw on these tragical Conclusions. And I begin now to think, that by a Spice of collateral Justice, *Adam Overdo* deserv'd this Beating; for I the said *Adam* was one Cause (a By-cause) why the Purse was lost: and my Wife's Brother's Purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good Mirth with it, at Supper, (that will be the Sport) and put my little Friend *Mr. Humphry Wasp's* Choler quite out of Countenance. When, sitting at the upper End o'my Table, as I use, and drinking to my Brother *Cokes*, and Mrs. *Alice Overdo*, as I will, my Wife, for their good Affection to old *Bradley*, I deliver to 'em, it was I that was cudgell'd, and shew the Marks. To see what bad Events may peep out o'the Tail of good Purposes! the Care I had of that civil young Man, I took fancy to this Morning, (and have not left it yet) drew me to that Exhortation, which drew the Company, indeed, which drew the Cutpurse; which drew the Money; which drew my Brother *Cokes's* Loss; which drew on *Wasp's* Anger; which drew on my Beating; a pretty Gradation! And they shall ha' it i'their Dish, i'Faith, at Night for Fruit: I love to be merry at my Table. I had thought once, at one special Blow he ga'me, to have re-eal'd myself? but then (I thank the Fortitude) I remem-

C

ber'd

ber'd that a wife Man (and who is ever so great a Part o'the Commonwealth in himself) for no particular Disaster ought to abandon a publick good Design. The Husbandman ought not, for one unthankful Year, to forsake the Plough; the Shepherd ought not, for one scabb'd Sheep, to throw by his Tar-box; the Pilot ought not for one Leak i'the Poop, to quit the Helm; nor the Alderman ought not for one Custard more, at a Meal, to give up his Cloak; the Constable ought not to break his Staff, and forswear the Watch, for one roaring Night; nor the Piper o'the Parish (*ut par-vis componere magna solebam*) to put up his Pipes, for one rainy Sunday. These are certain knocking Conclusions; out of which, I am resolv'd, come what, come can, come Beating, come Imprisonment, come Infamy, come Banishment, nay, come the Rack, come the Hurdle, (welcome all) I will not discover who I am, till my due Time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said ever, in Justice-name, and the King's, and for the Commonwealth.

Win-w. What does he talk to himself, and act so seriously? poor Fool!

Quar. No Matter what. Here's fresher Argument, intend that.

SCENE IV.

Cokes, Leatherhead, Wasp, Mistress Over-do, Win-wife, Quarlous, Trash, Grace.

Cok. Come, Mistress *Grace*, come Sister, here's more fine Sights, yet i'Faith. God's 'Slid where's *Numps*?

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine Rattles! Drums? Babies? little Dogs? and Birds for Ladies? What do you lack?

Cok. Good honest *Numps*, keep afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat: my Heart was at my Mouth, when I mis'd thee.

Wasp. You were best buy a Whip & your Hand to drive me.

Cok. Nay, do not mistake, *Numps*, thou art so apt to mistake: I would but watch the Goods. Look you now, the treble Fiddle was e'en almost like to be lost.

Wasp. Pray you take heed you lose not yourself: your best Way were e'en get up, and ride for more Surety. Buy a Token's-worth of great Pins, to fasten yourself to my Shoulder.

Lea.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen ? fine Purfes, Pouches, Pincases, Pipes ? What is't you lack ? a Pair o' Smiths, to wake you i'the Morning ? or a fine whistling Bird ?

Cok. *Numps*, here be finer Things than any we ha' bought by odds ! and more delicate Horses, a great deal ! good *Numps*, stay, and come hither.

Wasp. Will you 'scourse with him ? you are in *Smithfield*, you may fit yourself with a fine easy-going Street-nag, for your Saddle again' *Michaelmas* Term, do ; has he ne'er a little odd Cart for you, to make a Chariot on, i'the Country, with four py'd Hobby-horses ? why the Meazels, should you stand here, with your Train, cheaping of Dogs, Birds, and Babies ? you ha' no Children to bestow 'em on ? ha' you ?

Cok. No, but again' I ha' Children, *Numps*, that's all one.

Wasp. Do, do, do, do ; how many shall you have, think you ? an' I were as you, I'd buy for all my Tenants, too, they are a kind o' civil Savages, that will part with their Children for Rattles, Pipes, and Knives. You were best buy a Hatchet, or two, and truck with 'em.

Cok. Good *Numps*, hold that little Tongue o'thine, and save it a Labour. I am resolute *Bat*, thou know'st.

Wasp. A resolute Fool you are, I know, and a very sufficient Coxcomb ; with all my Heart ; nay you have it, Sir, and you be angry, Turd i' your Teeth, twice : (if I said it not once afore) and much good do you.

Win-w. Was there ever such a Self-affliction ? and so impertinent ?

Quar. Alas ! his Care will go ne'er to crack him, let's in, and comfort him.

Wasp. Would-I had been set i'the Ground, all but the Head on me, and had my Brains bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I underwent this Plague of a Charge !

Quar. How now, *Numps* ! almost tir'd i' your Protectorship ? over-parted ? over-parted ?

Wasp. Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am, doe'st grieve you ?

Quar. No, I swear doe'st not, *Numps* : to satisfy you.

Wasp. *Numps* ? 'Sblood, you are fine and familiar ! how long ha' we been acquainted, I pray you ?

Quar. I think it may be remember'd, *Numps*, that ? 'twas since Morning sure.

Wasp. Why, I hope I know't well enough, Sir, I did not ask to be told.

Quar. No ? why then ?

Wasp. It's no Matter why, you see with your Eyes, now, what I said to you To-day ? you'll believe me another Time ?

Quar. Are you removing the *Fair*, *Numps* ?

Wasp. A pretty Question ! and a very civil one ! yes, Faith, I ha' my Lading you see ; or shall have anon, you may know whose Beast I am, by my Burthen. If the Pannier-man's Jack were ever better known by his Loins of Mutton, I'll be flead, and feed Dogs for him, when his Time comes.

Win-w. How melancholy Mistress *Grace* is yonder ! pray thee let's go enter ourselves in *Grace* with her.

Cok. Those six Horses, Friend I'll have——

Wasp. How !

Cok. And the three *Jews* Trumps ; and half a Dozen o' Birds and that Drum, (I have one Drum already) and your Smiths ; I like that Device o' your Smiths, very pretty well, and four Halberts——and (le'me see) that fine painted great Lady, and her three Women for State, I'll have.

Wasp. No, the Shop ; buy the whole Shop, it will be best, the Shop, the Shop !

Lea. If his Worship please.

Wasp. Yes, and keep it during the *Fair*, Bobchin.

Cok. Peace, *Numps*, Friend, do not meddle with him, an' you be wise, and would shew your Head above board : he will sting thorow your wrought Night-cap, believe me. A Sett of these Violins, I would buy too, for a delicate young Noise I have i' the Country, that are every one a Size less than another, just like your Fiddles. I would fain have a fine young Masque at my Marriage, now I think on't : but I do want such a Number o' Things. And *Numps* will not help me now, and I dare not speak to him.

Tra. Will your Worship buy any Gingerbread, very good Bread, comfortable Bread ?

Cok. Gingerbread ! yes, let's see. [*He runs to her Shop.*
Wasp.

Wasp. There's the t'other Sprindge.

Lea. Is this well, goody *Joan*? to interrupt my Market? in the midst? and call away my Customers? can you answer this, at the *Pypoudres*.

Tra. Why? if his Mastership have a Mind to buy, I hope my Ware lies as open as another's; I may shew my Ware, as well as you yours.

Cok. Hold your Peace; I'll content you both: I'll buy up his Shop, and thy Basket.

Wasp. Will you i'Faith?

Lea. Why should you put him from it, Friend?

Wasp. Cry your Mercy! you'd be sold too, would you? what's the Price on you? *Jerkin*, and all as you stand? ha'you any Qualities? *Tra.* Yes, good Man, angry Man, you shall find he has Qualities, if you cheapen him.

Wasp. God's so, you ha' the selling of him! what are they? will they be bought for Love, or Money?

Tra. No indeed, Sir. *Wasp.* For what then? Victuals?

Tra. He scorns Victuals, Sir, he has Bread and Butter at Home, Thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good Meal, if the Toy take him i'the Belly, marry then they must not set him at lower End; if they do, he'll go away, though he fast. But put him a-top o'the Table, where his Place is, and he'll do you forty fine Things. He has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great City Suppers, to put down *Coriat*, and *Cokeley*, and been laugh'd at for his Labour; he'll play you all the Puppets i'the Town over, and the Players, every Company, and his own Company too; he spares no body! *Cok.* I'Faith?

Tra. He was the first, Sir, that ever baited the Fellow i'the Bear's Skin, an't like your Worship: no Dog ever came near him, since. And for fine Motions!

Cok. Is he good at those too? can he set out a Masque-trow?

Tra. O Lord, Master! sought to far, and near, for his Inventions; and he engrosses all, he makes all the Puppets i'the Fair.

Cok. Do'st thou (in Troth) old Velvet Jerkin? give me thy Hand.

Tra. Nay, Sir, you shall see him in his Velvet Jerkin,

kin, and a Scarf, too, at Night, when you hear him interpret Master *Little-wit's* Motion.

Cok. Speak no more, but shut up Shop presently, Friend. I'll buy both it, and thee too, to carry down with me, and her Hamper, beside. Thy Shop shall furnish out the Masque, and her's the Banquet: I cannot go less, to set out any Thing with Credit. What's the Price, at a Word, o'thy whole Shop, Case, and all as it stands?

Lea. Sir, it stands me in Twenty-six Shillings and Seven-pence Halfpenny; besides three Shillings for my Ground.

Cok. Well, thirty Shillings will do all, then! And what comes yours too?

Tra. Four Shillings, and Eleven-pence, Sir, Ground, and all, an't like your Worship.

Cok. Yes, it does like my Worship very well, poor Woman, that's five Shillings more, what a Masque shall I furnish out, for forty Shillings? (twenty Pound *Scots*) and a Banquet of Gingerbread? there's a stately Thing! *Numps*? Sister? and my wedding Gloves too? (that I never thought on afore.) All my wedding Gloves, Gingerbread? O me! what a Device will there be? to make 'em eat their Finger's Ends! and delicate Broches for the Bridemen! and all! and then I'll ha'this Poesy put to 'em: *For the best Grace*; meaning, *Mistress Grace*, my wedding Poesy.

Gra. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your *Bartholomew-wit*.

Wasp. You do not mean this, do you? is this your first Purchase?

Cok. Yes Faith, and I do not think, *Numps*, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest Act, that ever I did in my Wardship.

Wasp. Like enough! I shall say any thing. I!

S C E N E V.

Justice, Edgworth, Nightingale.

Jus. I cannot beget a *Project*, with all my political Brain, yet; my *Project* is how to fetch off this proper young Man, from his debauch'd Company: I have follow'd him all the *Fair* over, and still I find him with this Songster: And I begin shrewdly to suspect their
Fa-

Familiarity ; and the young Man of a terrible Taint, Poetry ! with which idle Disease, if he be infected, there's no Hope of him, in a State-course. *Actum est*, of him for a Commonwealth's Man : if he go to't in Rhime, once.

Edg. Yonder he's buying o' Gingerbread : set in quickly, before he part with too much on his Money.

Nig. *My Masters and Friends, and good People draw near, &c.* [He runs to the Ballad-man.

Cok. Ballads ! hark, hark, hark ! pray thee, Fellow, stay a little, good Numps, look to the Goods. What Ballads hast thou ? let me see, let me see myself.

Wasp. Why so ! he's flown 'to another Lime-bush, there he will flutter as long more ; till he ha' ne'er a Feather left. Is there a Vexation like this, Gentlemen ? will you believe me now, hereafter ? shall I have Credit with you ?

Quar. Yes, Faith, shalt thou, Numps, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweat'it for't. I never saw a young Pimp errant, and his 'Squire better match'd.

Win-w. Faith, the Sister comes after 'em, well, too.

Gra. Nay, if you saw the Justice her Husband, my Guardian, you were fitted for the Mefs, he is such a wife one his Way —

Win-w. I wonder, we see him not here.

Gra. O ! he is too serious for this Place, and yet better Sport than the other three, I assure you, Gentlemen : wheree'er he is, tho' it be o'the Bench.

Cok. How dost thou call it ! A Caveat against Cutpurses ! a good Jest, i' Faith, I would fain see that *Dæmon*, your Cutpurse, [He shews his Purse boastingly.] you talk of, that delicate handed Devil, they say he walks hereabout ; I would see him walk, now. Look you, Sister, here, here, let him come, Sister, and welcome. Ballad-man, does any Cutpurses haunt hereabout ? pray thee raise me one or two : begin and shew me one.

Nig. Sir, this is a Spell against 'em, spick and span new ; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own Person, and I sing it in mine own Defence. But 'twill cost a Penny alone, if you buy it.

Cok. No Matter for the Price, thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd Bartholomew.

Over. Hast a fine Picture, Brother ?

Cok. O Sister, do you remember the Ballads over the Nursery-chimney at Home o'my own pasting up, there be brave Pictures. Other Manner of Pictures, than these, Friend.

Wasp. Yet these will serve to pick the Pictures out o' your Pockets, you shall see.

Cok. So, I heard 'em say. Pray thee mind him not, Fellow : he'll have an Oar in every Thing.

Nig. It was intended, Sir, as if a Purse should chance to be cut in my Presence, now, I may be blameless, though : as, by the Sequel, will more plainly appear.

Cok. We shall find that i'the Matter. Pray thee begin.

Nig. To the Tune of *Packington's Pound*, Sir.

Cok. *Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la.* Nay, I'll put thee in Tune, and all ! mine own Country Dance ! Pray thee begin.

Nig. It is a gentle Admonition, you must know, Sir, both to the Purse-cutter, and the Purse-bearer.

Cok. Not a Word more, out o'the Tune, an'thou lov'st me : *Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la.* Come when ?

Nig. *My Masters and Friends, and good People draw near,
And look to your Purses, for that I do say ;*

Cok. Ha, ha, this chimes ! good Counsel at first Dash.

Nig. *And tho' little Money in them you do bear.*

It cost more to get, than to lose in a Day. [*Cok.* Good !

You oft have been told, Both the young and the old ;

[*Cok.* Well said ! he were to blame that would not i'Faith.]

And bidden beware of the Cutpurse so bold :

Then if you take heed not, free me from the Curse,

Who both give you Warning, for and, the Cutpurse.

*Youth, Youth, thou had'st better been starv'd by thy Nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a Purse.*

Cok. Good i'Faith, how say you Numps ? Is there any Harm i'this ?

Nig. *It hath been upbraided to Men of my Trade,
That oft-times we are the Cause of this Crime.*

Alack and for Pity, why should it be said ?

As if they regarded or Places, or Time.

Examples have been, [*Cok.* More Coxcombs
Of some that were seen, [they that did it, I wufs.

*In Westminster Hall, yea the Pleaders between,
Then why should the Judges be free from this Curse,
More than my poor self, for cutting the Purse?
Youth, Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy Nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a Purse.*

Cok. God a Mercy for that! why should they be more free indeed?

Cok. That again, good Ballad-man, that again. [*He sings the Burthen with him.*] O rare! I would fain rub mine Elbow now, but I dare not pull out my Hand. On I pray thee, he, that made this Ballad, shall be Poet to my Masque.

Nig. At Worc'ter 'tis known well, and even in the Jail,
A Knight of good Worship did there shew his Face,
Against the foul Sinners, in Zeal for to rail,
And lost (ipso facto) his Purse in the Place.

Nay, once from the Seat [Cok. Is it possible?
Of Judgment so great,

A Judge there did lose a fair Pouch of Velvet. [Cok. I Faith?
O Lord for thy Mercy, how wicked or worse,
Are those that so venture their Necks for a Purse!

Youth, Youth, &c.

Cok. Youth, &c. pray thee stay a little, Friend, yet o'thy Conscience, Numps, speak, is there any harm i'this? Wasp. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, 'less you had Grace to follow it. Jus. It doth discover Enormity, I'll mark it more I ha' not lik'd a paltry Piece of Poetry, so well a good while.

Cok. Youth, Youth, &c. ! Where's this Youth, now? A Man must call upon him, for his own good, and yet he will not appear: look here, here's for him; Handy-dandy, [*He shews his Purse.*] which Hand will he have? On, I pray thee, with the rest, I do hear of him, but I cannot see him, this Master Youth, the Cutpurse.

Nig. At Plays and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,
'Tis daily their Practice such Booty to make:

Yea, under the Gallows, at Executions,

They sick not the Stare-about's Purse to take.

Nay one without Grace, [Cok. That was a fine:

At a better Place, [Fellow! I'd have him, now.

At Court, and in Christmas, before the King's Face,

Alack then for Pity, must I bear the Curse,

That only belongs to the cunning Cutpurse?

Cok. But where's their Cunning, now, when they should use it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. *Youth, Youth, thou hadst better, &c.* The Rat-catcher's Charm, all are Fools and Asses to this! A Pox on 'em, that they will not come! that a Man should have such a Desire to a Thing, and want it.

Quar. 'Fore God, I'd give half the *Fair*, and 'twere mine, for a Cutpurse for him, to save his Longing.

[*He shews his Purse again.*]

Cok. Look you Sister, here, here, where is't now? which Pocket is't in? for a Wager?

Wasp. I beseech you leave your Wagers, and let him end his Matter, an't may be.

Cok. O, are you edify'd, *Numps*?

Jus. Indeed he does interrupt him, too much: There *Numps* spoke to Purpose.

Cok. Sister, I am an Ass, I cannot keep my Purse: on, on; I pray thee, Friend.

Win-w. Will you see Sport? look, there's a Fellow gathers up to him, mark.

Nig. But O, you vile Nation of Cutpurses all,
Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,
And know that you ought not, by honest Men's Fall,
Advance your own Fortunes, to die above Ground,
And tho' you go gay,
In Silks as you may,

It is not the Highway to Heaven, (as they say)
Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse.
And kiss not the Gallows for cutting a Purse.

*Youth, Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy Nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a Purse.*

Quar. Good, i'Faith! oh, he has lighted on the wrong Pocket.

Win-w. He has it, 'fore God he is a brave Fellow; Pity he should be detected.

All. An excellent Ballad! an excellent Ballad!

Edg. Friend, let me ha' the first, let me ha' the first, I pray you.

Cok. Pardon me, Sir. First come, first serv'd; and I'll buy the whole Bundle too.

Win-w. That Conveyance was better than all, did you see it? he has given the Purse to the Ballad-singer.

Quar.

Quar. Has he?

Edg. Sir, I cry you Mercy; I'll not hinder the poor Man's Profit: pray you mistake me not.

Cok. Sir, I take you for an honest Gentleman: if that be mistaking, I met you To-day afore: ha! Um! O God! my Purse is gone, my Purse, my Purse, &c.

Wasp. Come do not make a stir, and cry yourself an Afs, thoro' the Fair afore your time.

Cok. Why, hast thou it, *Numps!* good *Numps*, how came you by it? I mar'l!

Wasp. I pray you seek some other Gamester, to play the Fool with: you may lose it time enough, for all your Fair Wit.

Cok. By this good Hand, Glove and all, I ha' lost it already, if thou hast it not: feel else, and *Mistress Grace's* Handkerchief, too out o'the other Pocket.

Wasp. Why, 'tis well; very well, exceeding pretty, and well.

Edg. Are you sure you ha' lost it, Sir?

Cok. O God! yes; as I am an honest Man, I had it but e'en now, at *Youth, Youth*.

Nig. I hope you suspect not me, Sir.

Edg. Thee? that were a Jest indeed! Dost thou think the Gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou Hands, I pray thee? Away, Afs, away.

Jus. I shall be beaten again, if I be spy'd.

Edg. Sir, I suspect an odd Fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

Ove. Brother, it is the preaching Fellow! you shall suspect him. He was at your t'other Purse, you know! Nay, stay, Sir, and view the Work you ha'done, an' you be benefic'd at the Gallows, and preach there, thank your own Handy-work.

Cok. Sir, you shall take no Pride in your Preferment: you shall be silenc'd quickly.

Jus. What do you mean? sweet Buds of Gentility.

Cok. To ha'my Penn'orths out on you: Bud. No less than two Purfes a Day, serve you? I thought you a simple Fellow, when my Man *Numps* beat you, i the Morning, and pitied you——

Ove. So did I, I'll be sworn Brother; but now I see he is a lewd and pernicious Enormity: (as Master *Overdo* calls him.)

Jus. Mine own Words turn'd upon me, like Swords.

Cok. Cannot a Man's Purse be at quiet for you, i'the Master's Pocket, but you must entice it forth, and debauch it?

Wasp. Sir, Sir, keep your Debauch, and your *Bartholomew* Terms to yourself; and make as much on 'em as you please. But gi'me this from you, i'the mean time : [*Wasp takes the Licence from him.*] I beseech you, see if I can look to this.

Cok. Why, *Numps*?

Wasp. Why! because you are an Afs, Sir, there's a Reason the shortest Way, and you will needs ha'it; now you ha'got the Trick of losing, you'd lose your Breech, an'twere loose. I know you, Sir, come, deliver, you'll go and crack the Vermin, you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine, will you ha' the Truth on't? they are such retchless Flies as you are, that blow Cutpurfes abroad in every Corner; your foolish having of Money makes 'em. An'there were no wiser than I, Sir, the Trade should lie open for you, Sir, it should i'Faith, Sir. I would teach your Wit to come to your Head, Sir, as well as your Land to come into your Hand, I assure you, Sir.

Wiⁿ-w. Alack, good *Numps*.

Wasp. Nay, Gentlemen, never pity me, I am not worth it: Lord send me at Home once, to *Harrow o'the Hill* again, if I travel any more, call me *Coriat*; with all my Heart.

Quar. Stay, Sir, I must have a Word with you in private. Do you hear?

Edg. With me, Sir? what's your Pleasure? good Sir.

Quar. Do not deny it. You are a Cutpurse, Sir, this Gentleman here, and I, saw you, nor do we mean to detect you (tho' we can sufficiently inform ourselves, towards the Danger of concealing you) but you must do us a Piece of Service.

Edg. Good Gentlemen, do not undo me; I am a civil young Man, and but a Beginner, indeed.

Quar. Sir, your Beginning shall bring on your Ending, for us. We are no Catch^odes nor Constables. That you are to undertake, is this; you saw the old Fellow, with the black Box, here?

Edg.

Edg. The little old Governor, Sir ?

Quar. That same : I see, you have flown him to a Mark already. I would ha'you get away that Box from him, and bring it us.

Edg. Would you ha'the Box and all, Sir ? or only that, that's in't ? I'll get you that, and leave him the Box, to play with still ; (which will be the harder o'the two) because I would gain your Worship's good Opinion of me.

Win-w. He says well, 'tis the greater Mast'ry, and 'twill make the more Sport when 'tis mis'd.

Edg. I, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the Sport.

Quar. But look you do it now, Sirrah, and keep your Word : or——

Edg. Sir, if ever I break my Word, with a Gentleman, may I never read Word at my need. Where shall I find you ?

Quar. Somewhere i'the, *Fair*, hereabouts. Dispatch it quickly. I would fain see the careful Fool deluded ! of all Beasts, I love the serious As's. He that takes Pains to be one, and plays the Fool, with the greatest Diligence that can be.

Gra. Then you would not choose, Sir, but love my Guardian, Justice *Overdo*, who is answerable to that Description, in every Hair of him.

Quar. So I have heard. But how came you, Mistress *Welborn*, to be his Ward ? or have Relation to him, at first ?

Gra. Faith, thro' common Calamity, he bought me, Sir : and now he will marry me to his Wife's Brother, this wise Gentleman, that you see, or else I must pay Value o'my Land.

Quar. 'Slid, is there no Device of Disparagement ? or fo ? talk with some crafty Fellow, some Picklock o'the Law ! Would I had studied a Year longer i'the Inns of Court, an't had been but i'your Case.

Win-w. I Master *Quarlous*, are you proffering ?

Gra. You'd bring but little Aid, Sir.

Win-w. (I'll look to you i'Faith, Gamester.) An unfortunate foolish *Tribe* you are fall'n into, Lady, I wonder you can endure 'em.

Edg.

Gra.

Gra. Sir, they, that cannot work their Fetters off, must wear 'em.

Win-w. You see what Care they have on you, to leave you thus.

Gra. Faith the same they have of themselves, Sir: I cannot greatly complain, if this were all the Plea I had against 'em.

Win-w. 'Tis true! but will you please to withdraw with us, a little, and make 'em think, they have lost you. I hope our Manners ha' been such hitherto, and our Language, as will give you no Cause, to doubt yourself, in our Company.

Gra. Sir, I will give myself, no Cause; I am so secure of mine own Manners, as I suspect not yours.

Quar. Look where *John Little-wit* comes.

Win-w. Away, I'll not be seen by him.

Quar. No, you were not best, he'll tell his Mother, the Widow.

Win-w. Heart, what do you mean?

Quar. Cry you Mercy, is the Wind there? must not the Widow be nam'd?

SCENE VI.

John, Win, Trash, Leatherhead, Knockbum, Busy, Purecraft.

Job. Do you hear, *Win, Win*?

Win. What say you, *John*?

Job. While they are paying the Reckoning, *Win*, I'll tell you a Thing, *Win*, we shall never see any Sights i'the Fair, *Win*, except you long still, *Win*, good *Win*, sweet *Win*, long to see some Hobby-horses, and some Drums, and Rattles, and Dogs, and fine Devices, *Win*. The Bull with the five Legs, *Win*; and the great Hog; now you ha' begun with Pig, you may long for any thing, *Win*, and so for my Motion, *Win*.

Win. But we sha' not eat o'the Bull, and the Hog, *John*, how shall I long then?

Job. O yes! *Win*; you may long to see, as well as to taste, *Win*: how did the 'Pothecary's Wife, *Win*, that long'd to see the Anatomy, *Win*? or the Lady, *Win*, that desir'd to spit i'the great Lawyer's Mouth, after an eloquent Pleading? I assure you they long'd, *Win*, good *Win*, go in, and long.

Tra.

Tra. I think we are rid of our new Customer, Brother *Leatherhead*, we shall hear no more of him.

Lea. All the better, let's pack up all, and be gone, before he find us.

Tra. Stay a little, yonder comes a Company ; it may be we may take some more Money.

Knoc. Sir, I will take your Counsel, and cut my Hair, and leave Vapours : I see, that Tobacco, and Bottle-ale, and Pig, and *Whit*, and very *Ursla*, her self, is all Vanity.

Bus. Only Pig was not comprehended in my Admonition, the rest were. For long Hair, it is an Ensign of Pride, a Banner, and the World is full of those Banners, very full of Banners. And, Bottle-ale is a Drink of Satan's, a Diet-drink of Satan's, devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter Age of Vanity, as the Smoak of Tobacco, to keep us in Mist and Error : But the fleshly Woman (which you call *Ursla*) is above all to be avoided, having the Marks upon her, of the three Enemies of Man, the World, as being in the *Fair* ; the Devil, as being in the Fire ; and the Flesh, as being herself.

Pur. Brother *Zeal-of-the-land* ! what shall we do ? my Daughter *Win-the-fight* is fall'n into her Fit of Longing again.

Bus. For more Pig ? there is no more, is there ?

Pur. To see some Sights, i'the *Fair*.

Bus. Sister, let her fly the Impurity of the Place, swiftly, lest she partake of the Pitch thereof. Thou art the Seat of the Beast, O *Smithfield*, and I will leave thee Idolatry peepeth out on every Side of thee.

Knoc. An excellent right Hypocrite ! now his Belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking the Jade. A very good Vapour ! I'll in, and joy *Ursla*, with telling, how her Pig works, two and a half he eat to his Share. And he has drunk a Pailful. He eats with his Eyes, as well as his Teeth.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen ? What is't you buy ? Rattles, Drums, Babies.—

Bus. Peace, with thy apocryphal Wares, thou prophane Publican : thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Toby's Dogs*. Thy Hobby-horse is an Idol, a very Idol, a fierce and rank Idol : And thou, the *Nebuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nebuchadnezzar* of the *Fair*, that sets it up for Children to fall down to and worship.

Lea

Lea. Cry your Mercy, Sir, will you buy a Fiddle to fill up your Noise.

Job. Look, *Win*, do, look a God's Name, and save your Longing. Here be fine Sights.

Pur. I Child, so you hate 'em, as our Brother *Zeal* does, you may look on 'em.

Lea. Or what do you say, to a Drum, Sir?

Bus. It is the broken Belly of the Beast, and thy Bellows there are his Lungs, and these Pipes are his Throat, those Feathers are of his Tail, and thy Rattles, the Gnashing of his Teeth.

Tra. And what's my Ginger-bread? I pray you.

Bus. The Provender that pricks him up. Hence with thy Basket of Popery, thy Nest of Images: and whole Legend of Ginger-work.

Lea. Sir, if you be not quiet, the quicklier, I'll ha' you clapp'd fairly by the Heels, for disturbing the *Fair*.

Bus. The Sin of the *Fair* provokes me, I cannot be silent.

Pur. Good Brother *Zeal*.

Lea. Sir, I'll make you silent, believe it.

Job. I'd give a Shilling, you could i' Faith, Friend.

Lea. Sir, give me your Shilling, I'll give you my Shop, if I do not, and I'll leave it in pawn with you, i' the mean time.

Job. A Match i' Faith, but do it quickly then.

Bus. Hinder me not, Woman. [*He speaks to the Widow.*] I was mov'd in Spirit, to be here, this Day, in this *Fair*, this wicked, and foul *Fair*; and fitter may it be call'd a Foul, than a *Fair*: To protest against the Abuses of it, the foul Abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the Merchandize of *Babylon* again, and the peeping of *Popery* upon the Stalls, here, here, in the high Places. See you not *Goldyllocks*, the Purple-strumpet there? in her yellow Gown, and green Sleeves? the prophane Pipes, the tinkling Timbrels? A Shop of Relicks!

Job. Pray you forbear, I am put in Trust with 'em.

Bus. And this idolatrous Grove of Images, this Flasket of Idols! which will I pull down——

(*Tra.* O my Ware, my Ware, God blefs it.)

Bus.

Bus. In my Zeal and Glory to be thus exercis'd.

Lea. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his Zeal, we cannot sell a Whistle, for him, in Tune. Stop his Noise, first !

[*Lea. enters with Officers.*]

Bus. Thou canst not : 'tis a sanctify'd Noise. I will make a loud and most strong Noise, till I have daunted the prophane Enemy. And for this Cause.—

Lea. Sir, here's no Man afraid of you, or your Cause. You shall swear it, i'the Stocks, Sir.

Bus. I will thrust myself into the Stocks, upon the Pikes of the Land.

Lea. Carry him away.

Pur. What do you mean, wicked Men ?

Bus. Let them alone ; I fear them not.

Job. Was not this Shilling well ventur'd, *Win* ? for our Liberty ? Now we may go play, and see over the Fair, where we list ourselves ; my Mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and loose us.

Win. Yes, *John*, but I know not what to do.

Job. For what, *Win* ?

Win. For a Thing, I am asham'd to tell you, i'Faith, and 'tis too far to go Home.

Job. I pray thee be not asham'd, *Win*. Come, i'Faith thou shalt not be asham'd, is it any thing about the Hobby-horse-man ? an't be, speak freely.

Win. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorn him ; no, I have very great, what shall call 'em, *John*.

Job. O ! Is this all, *Win* ? we'll go back to Capt. *Jordan* ; to the Pig-woman's, *Win*, he'll help us, or she with a Dripping-pan, or an old Kettle, or something. The poor greasy Soul loves you, *Win*, and after we'll visit the Fair all over, *Win*, and see my Puppet-play, *Win*, you know it's a fine Matter, *Win*.

Lea. Let's away, I counsell'd you to pack up afore *Joan*

Tra. A Pox of his *Bedlam* Purity. He has spoiled half my Ware : but the best is, we lose nothing, if we miss our first Merchant.

Lea. It shall be hard for him to find, or know us, when we are translated, *Joan*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Trouble-all, Bristle, Haggise, Cokes, Justice, Pocher, Busy, Purecraft.

MY Masters, I do make no doubt, but you are Officers.

Bri. What then, Sir?

Tro. And the King's loving and obedient Subjects.

Bri. Obedient, Friend? take heed what you speak, I advise you: *Oliver Bristle* advises you. His loving Subjects, we grant you: but not his obedient, at this time, by your Leave, we know ourselves a little better than so, we are to command, Sir, and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient Subjects, going to the Stocks, and we'll make you such another, if you talk.

Tro. You are all wise enough i' your Places, I know.

Bri. If you know it, Sir, why do you bring it in Question?

Tro. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you have Warrant, for what you do, and so, quit you, and so, multiply you.

Hag. What's he? bring him up to the Stocks there. Why bring you him not up?

Tro. If you have Justice *Overdo's* Warrant, 'tis well: you are safe; that is the Warrant of Warrants. I'll not give this Button, for any Man's Warrant else.

Bri. Like enough, Sir, but let me tell you, an' you play away your Buttons, thus, you will want 'em e're Night, for any Store I see about you: you might keep 'em, and save Pins, I wufs.

Jus. What should he be, that doth so esteem, and advance my Warrant? he seems a sober and discreet Person! it is a Comfort to a good Conscience, to be follow'd with a good Fame, in his Sufferings. The World will have a pretty Taste by this, how I can bear Adversity: and it will beget a kind of Reverence, toward me, hereafter, even from mine Enemies, when they shall see I carry my Calamity nobly, and that it doth neither break me, nor bend me.

Hag. Come, Sir, here's a Place for you to preach in. Will you put in your Leg?

Jus.

Jus. That I will chearfully.

Bri. O' my Conscience a Seminary ! he kisses the Stocks.

Cok. Well, my Masters, I'll leave him with you ; now I see him bestow'd, I'll go look for my Goods, and *Numps*.

Hag. You may, Sir, I warrant you ; where's t'other Bawler ? fetch him too, you shall find 'em both fast enough.

Jus. In the midst of this Tumult, I will yet be the *Author* of mine own Rest, and, not minding their Fury, sit in the Stocks, in that Calm, as shall be able to trouble a *Triumph*.

Tro. Do you assure me upon your Words ? may I undertake for you, if I be ask'd the Question ; that you have this Warrant ?

Hag. What's this Fellow, for God's Sake ?

Tro. Do but shew me *Adam Overdo*, and I am satisfy'd.

Bri. He is a Fellow that is distracted, they say ; one *Trouble-all* : he was an Officer in the Court of *Pye-poudres*, here last Year, and put out o'his Place by Justice *Overdo*.

Jus. Ha !

Bri. Upon which, he took an idle Conceit, and's run mad upon't. So that ever since, he will do nothing, but by Justice *Overdo*'s Warrant, he will not eat a Crust, nor drink a little, nor make him in his Apparel, ready. His Wife's Sir-reverence cannot get him make his Water, or shift his Shirt, without his Warrant.

Jus. If this be true, this is my greatest Disaster ! how am I bound to satisfy this poor Man, that is of so good a Nature to me, out of his Wits ! where there is no room left for dissembling.

Tro. If you cannot shew me *Adam Overdo*, I am in doubt of you : I am afraid you cannot answer it.

Hag. Before me, Neighbour *Bristle* (and now I think on't better) Justice *Overdo* is a very parantory Person.

Bri. O ! are you advis'd of that ? and a severe Justice, by your Leave.

Jus. Do I hear ill o'that Side, too ?

Bri. He will sit as upright o'the Bench, an'you mark him, as a Candle i'the Socket, and give light to the whole Court in every Business.

Hag. But he will burn blue, and swell like a Bile (God bless us) an'he be angry.

Bri.

Bri. I, and he will be angry too, when he list, that's more : and when he's angry, be it right or wrong, he has the Law o' his Side, ever. I mark that too.

Jus. I will be more tender hereafter. I see Compassion may become a *Justice*, though it be a Weakness, I confess ; and nearer a Vice, than a Virtue.

Hag. Well, take him out o' the Stocks again, we'll go a sure Way to work, we'll ha' the Ace of Hearts of our Side, if we can.

Poc. Come, bring him away to his Fellow, there. Master *Busy*, we shall rule your Legs, I hope, tho' we cannot rule your Tongue.

Bus. No, Minister of Darkness, no, thou canst not rule my Tongue, my Tongue it is my own, and with it I will both knock and mock down your *Bartholomew* Abominations, till you be made a Hissing to the neighbour Parishes, round about.

Hag. Let him alone, we have devis'd better upon't.

Pur. And shall he not into the Stocks then ?

Bri. No, Mistress, we'll 'em have both to *Justice Overdo*, and let him do over 'em as is fitting. Then I, and my Gossip *Haggis*, and my Beadle *Pocher*, are discharged.

Pur. O, I thank you, blessed, honest Men !

Bri. Nay, never thank us, but thank this Madman that comes here, he put it in our Heads.

Pur. Is he mad ? Now *Heaven* increase his Madness, and bless it, and thank it, Sir, your poor Handmaid thanks you.

Tro. Have you a Warrant ? an' you have a Warrant, shew it.

Pur. Yes, I have a Warrant out of the Word, to give Thanks for removing any Scorn intended to the Brethren.

Tro. It is *Justice Overdo's* Warrant, that I look for, if you have not that, keep your Word, I'll keep mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye.

S C E N E II.

Edgworth, Trouble-all, Nightingale, Cokes, Costermonger.

Edg. Come away, *Nightingale*, I pray thee.

Tro. Whither go you ? where's your Warrant ?

Edg. Warrant, for what, Sir ?

Tro. For what you go about, you know how fit it is,
an' you

an'you have no Warrant, blefs you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can do.

Edg. What means he ?

Nig. A Madman that haunts the *Fair*, do you not know him ? it's Marvel he has not more Followers, after his ragged Heels.

Edg. Beshrew him, he startled me : I thought he had known of our Plot. Guilt's a terrible Thing ! ha'you prepar'd the Costermonger ?

Nig. Yes, and agreed for his Basket of Pears ; he is at the Corner here, ready. And your Prize, he comes down, sailing, that Way, all alone ; without his Protector : he is rid of him, it seems.

Edg. I, I know, I should ha' follow'd his Protectorship for a Feat I am to do upon him : But this offer'd itself, so i'the Way, I could not let it'scape : here he comes, whistling, by this Sport call'd *Dorring the Dot-trel*. Nig. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c. [Whistling.

Cok. By this Light, I cannot find my Ginger-bread-wife, nor my Hobby-horse-man in all the *Fair*, now ; to ha'my Money again. And I do not know the Way out on't, to go Home for more ; do you hear, Friend, you that whistle : what Tune is that, you whistle ?

Nig. A new Tune, I am practising, Sir.

Cok. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee ? nay, on with thy Tune, I ha' no such haste, for an Answer : I'll practise with thee.

Cost. Buy any Pears, very fine Pears, Pears fine.

Cok. God's so ! a muis, mufs, a mufs, a mufs.

Cost. Good Gentleman, my Ware, my Ware, I am a poor Man. Good Sir, my Ware.

Nig. Let me hold your Sword, Sir, it troubles you.

Cok. Do, and my Cloak, an'thou wilt ; and my Hat, too.

Edg. A delicate great Boy ! methinks, he outscrambles 'em all. I cannot perswade myself, but he goes to Grammar-school yet ; and plays the Trewant, 'l o-day.

Nig. Would he had another Purse to cut, *Zekiel*.

Edg. Purse ? a Man might cut out his Kidnies, I think ; and he never feel 'em, he is so earnest at the Sport.

Nig. His Soul is half way out o'his Body, at the Game.

Edg.

Edg. Away, *Nightingale* : that Way.

Cok. I think I am furnish'd for Catherine-pears, for one Under-meal ; gi'me my Cloak.

Coff. Good Gentleman, give me my Ware.

Cok. Where's the Fellow, I ga' my Cloak to ? my Cloak ? and my Hat ? ha ! Gods'-flid, is he gone ? Thieves, Thieves, help me to cry, Gentlemen.

Edg. Away, Coltermonger, come to us to *Ursla's*. Talk of him to have a Soul ? 'Heart, if he have any more than a Thing given him instead of Salt, only to keep him from stinking, I'll be hang'd afore my time, presently, where should it be trow ? in his Blood ; he has not so much to'ard it in his whole Body, as will maintain a good Flea ; and if he take this Course, he will not ha' so much Land left, as to rear a Calf within this Twelve-month. Was there ever green Plover so pull'd ! That his little Overseer had been here now, an'been but tall enough, to see him steal Pears, in exchange, for his Beaver Hat, and his Cloak thus ? I must go find him out, next, for his black Box, and his Patent (it seems) he has of his Place ; which I think the Gentleman would have a Reversion of ; that spoke to me for it so earnestly.

Cok. Would I might lose my Doublet, and Hose, too ; as I am an honest Man, and never stir, if I think there be any thing, but thieving, and coz'ning, i'this whole *Fair*. *Bartholomew-Fair*, quoth he ; an'ever any *Bartholomew* had that Luck in't, that I have had, I'll be martyr'd for him, and in *Smithfield*, too. I ha' paid for my Pears, a Rot on 'em. I'll keep 'em no longer ; you were Choak-pears to me ; I had been better ha' gone to Mum-chance for you, I wuss. Methinks the *Fair* should not have us'd me thus, an' 'twere but for my Name's-sake, I would not ha' us'd a Dog o'the Name, so. O, *Numps* will triumph, now ! Friend, do you know who I am ? or where I lie ? I do not myself, I'll be sworn. Do but carry me Home, and I'll please thee, I ha' Money enough there, I ha' lost myself, and my Cloak and my Hat ; and my fine Sword, and my Sister, and *Numps*, and Mistress Grace, a (Gentlewoman that I should ha' married) and a Cut-work Handkerchief, she ga'me, and two Purfes To-day. And my Bargain of
Hob-

o'Hobby-horses and Ginger-bread, which grieves me worst of all.

Tro. By whose Warrant, Sir, have you done all this?

Cok. Warrant? thou art a wise Fellow, indeed, as if a Man need a Warrant to lose any thing with.

Tro. Yes, Justice *Overdo's* Warrant, a Man may get, and lose with, I'll stand to't.

Cok. Justice *Overdo*? Dost thou know him? I lye there, he is my Brother-in-law, he married my Sister: pray thee shew me the Way, dost thou know the House?

Tro. Sir, shew me your Warrant, I know nothing without a Warrant, pardon me.

Cok. Why, I warrant thee, come along: thou shalt see, I have wrought Pillows there, and Cambrick Sheets, and sweet Bags, too. Pray thee guide me to the House.

Tro. Sir, I'll tell you; go you thither yourself, first, alone; tell your worshipful Brother your Mind; and but bring me three Lines of his Hand, or his Clerk's, with *Adam Overdo*, underneath; here I'll stay you, I'll obey you, and I'll guide you presently.

Cok. 'Slid, this is an Afs, I ha'found him, Pox upon me, what do I talking to such a dull Fool; farewell, you are a very Coxcomb, do you hear?

Tro. I think, I am, if Justice *Overdo* sign to it, I am, and so we are all, he'll quit us all, multiply us all.

S C E N E III.

Grace, Quarlous, Win-wife, Trouble-all, Edgworth.

Gra. Gentlemen, this is no Way that you take: you do but breed one another Trouble, and Offence, and give me no Contentment at all. I am no she, that affects to be quarrell'd, or have my Name or Fortune made the Question of Men's Swords.

Quar. 'Sblood, we love you.

Gra. I If you both love me, as you pretend, your own Reason will tell you, but one can enjoy me, and to that Point, there leads a directer Line, than by my Infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I have profess'd it to you ingenuously, that rather than to be yok'd with this Eridegroom is appointed me, I would take up any Husband, almost upon any Trust. Tho' Subtlety would say to me, I know he's a Fool, and has an Estate, and I might govern him, and enjoy a Friend, beside.

But

But these are not my Aims, I must have a Husband I must love, or I cannot live with him. I shall ill make one of these politick Wives!

Win-w. Why, if you can like either of us, Lady, say, which is he, and the other shall swear instantly to desist.

Quar. Content, I accord to that willingly.

Gra. Sure you think me a Woman of an extreme Levity, Gentlemen, or a strange Fancy, that (meeting you by chance in such a Place, as this, both at one Instant, and not yet of two Hours Acquaintance, neither of you deserving afore the other, of me) I should so forsake my Modesty (tho' I might affect one more particularly) as to say, This is he, and name him.

Quar. Why, wherefore should you not? What should hinder you?

Gra. If you would not give it to my Modesty, allow it yet to my Wit; give me so much of Woman, and Cunning, as not to betray myself impertinently. How can I judge of you, so far as to a Choice, without knowing you more? you are both equal, and alike to me, yet: and so indifferently affected by me, as each of you might be the Man, if the other were away. For you are reasonable Creatures, you have Understanding, and Discourse. And if Fate send me an understanding Husband, I have no fear at all, but mine own Manners shall make him a good one.

Quar. Would I were put forth to making for you, then.

Gra. It may be you are, you know not what's toward you: will you consent to a Motion of mine, Gentlemen?

Win-w. Whatever it be, we'll presume Reasonableness, coming from you.

Quar. And Fitness, too.

Gra. I saw one of you buy a Pair of Tables e'en now.

Win-w. Yes, here they be, and Maiden-one's too, unwritten in.

Gra. The fitter for what they may be employ'd in. You shall write either of you, here, a Word, or a Name, what you like best; but of two, or three Syllables at most: and the next Person that comes this Way (because *Destiny* has a high Hand in Business of this Nature) I'll demand, which of the two Words, he, or she doth

doth approve ; and, according to that Sentence, fix my Resolution and Affection, without Change.

Quar. Agreed, my Word is conceived already.

Win-w. And mine shall not be long creating after.

Gra. But you shall promise, Gentlemen, not to be curious to know, which of you it is, taken ; but give me leave to conceal that till you have brought me, either Home, or where I may safely tender myself.

Win-w. Why that's but equal.

Quar. We are pleas'd.

Gra. Because I will bind both your Endeavours to work together, friendly, and jointly, each to the other's Fortune, and have myself fitted with some Means, to make him that is forsaken a Part of amends.

Quar. These Conditions are very courteous. Well, my Word is out of the *Arcadia*, then : *Argalus*.

Win-w. And mine out of the Play, *Palemon*.

Tro. Have you any Warrant for this, Gentlemen ?

Quar. *Win-w.* Ha !

Tro. There must be a Warrant had, believe it.

Win-w. For what ?

Tro. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeed, no Matter what.

Quar. 'Slight, here's a fine ragged Prophet, dropp'd down i'the Nick !

Tro. Heaven quit you, Gentlemen.

Quar. Nay, stay a little, good Lady, put him to the Question.

Gra. You are content, then ?

Win-w. *Quar.* Yes, yes.

Gra. Sir, here are two Names written——

Tro. Is *Justice Overdo* one ?

Gra. How, Sir ? I pray you read 'em to yourself, it is for a Wager between these Gentlemen, and with a Stroke or any Difference, mark which you approve best.

Tro. They may be both worshipful Names for aught I know, Mistress, but *Adam Overdo* had been worth three of 'em, I assure you, in this Place, that's in plain *English*.

Gra. This Man amazes me ! I pray you like one of 'em, Sir.

Tro. I do like him there, that has the best Warrant, Mistress, to save your Longing, and (multiply him) it
D may

may be this. But I am still for *Justice Overdo*, that's my Conscience. And quit you.

Win-w. Is't done, Lady?

Gra. I, and strangely, as ever I saw! What Fellow is that trow?

Quar. No Matter what, a Fortune-teller we ha'made him. Which is't, which is't.

Gra. Nay, did you not promise, not to enquire?

Quar. 'Slid, I forgot that, pray you pardon me. Look here's our *Mercury* come: The Licence arrives i'the finest time, too! 'tis but scraping out *Coke's* Name, and 'tis done.

Win-w. How now Lime-twigg? hast thou touch'd.

Edg. Not yet, Sir, except you should go with me, and see't, it's not worth speaking on. The Act is nothing, without a Witness. Yonder he is, your Man with the Box fall'n into the finest Company, and so transported with Vapours, they ha'got in a Northern Clothier, and one *Puppy*, a Western Man, that's come to wrestle before my Lord *Mayor*, anon, and Captain *Whit*, and one *Val Cutting*, that helps Capt. *Jordan* to roar, a circling Boy: with whom your *Numps* is so taken, that you may strip him of his Cloaths, if you will, I'll undertake to geld him for you; if you had but a Surgeon ready, to fear him. And Mistress *Justice*, there, is the goodliest Woman! she does so love 'em all over, in Terms of Justice, and the Stile of Authority, with her Hood upright—that I beseech you come away, Gentlemen, and see't.

Quar. 'Slight, I would not lose it for the Fair, what'll you do, Ned?

Win-w. Why, stay here about for you, Mistress *Wellborn* must not be seen.

Quar. Do so, and find out a Priest i'the mean time, I'll bring the Licence. Lead, which Way is't?

Edg. Here, Sir, you are o'the Backside o'the Booth already, you may hear the Noise.

SCENE IV.

Knockhum, *Nordern*, *Puppy*, *Cutting*, *Whit*, *Edgworth*,
Quarulous, *Overdo*, *Wasp*, *Bristle*.

Knoc. Whit, bid *Val Cutting* continue the Vapours for a Lift, *Whit*, for a Lift.

Nor.

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare, the Eal's too meeghty.

Knoc. How now ! my *Galloway* Nag, the Staggers ?
ha ! *Whit*, gi' him a Slit i'the Forehead. Chear up, Man,
a Needle and Thread to stitch his Ears. I'd cure him
now an' I had it, with a little Butter and Garlick, long
Pepper, and Grains. Where's my Horn ? I'll gi' him a
Mash, presently, shall take away this Dizziness.

Pup. Why, where are you, Zurs ? do you vlinch, and
leave us i'the Zuds, now ?

Nor. I'll ne mare, Ise e'en as vull as a Paiper's Bag
by my Troth, I.

Pup. Does my northern Cloth zhrink i'the wetting ? ha ?

Knoc. Why, well said, old Flea-bitten, thou'lt never
tire, I see.

Cut. No, Sir, but he may tire, if it please him.

Whi. Who told dee sho ? that he vuld never teer, Man ?

Cut. No Matter who told him so, so long as he knows.

Knoc. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

Edg. They are at it still, Sir, this they call Vapours.

Whi. He shall not pardon dee, Captain, dou shalt not
be pardon'd. Pre'de Shweeteheart, do not pardon him.

Cut. 'Slight, I'll pardon him, an' I list, whosoever
says nay to't.

Quar. Where's *Numps* ? I miss him.

Wasp. Why, I say nay to't.

Quar. O there he is !

Knoc. To what do you say nay, Sir ?

Wasp. To any thing, whatsoever it is, so long as I do
not like it.

Whi. Pardon me, little Man, dou musht like it a little.

Cut. No, he must not like it at all, Sir, there you
are i'the wrong.

Whi. I tink I be, he musht not like it, indeed.

Cut. Nay, then he both must, and will like it, Sir,
for all you.

Knoc. If he have Reason, he may like it, Sir.

Whi. By no Meansh, Captain, upon Reason, he may
like nothing upon Reason.

Wasp. I have no Reason, nor I will hear of no
Reason, nor I will look for no Reason, and he is an
Afs, that either knows any, or looks for't from me.

Cut. Yes, in some Sense you may have Reason, Sir.

Wasp. I, in some Sense, I care not if I grant you.

Whi. Pardon me, thou oughtst to grant me nothing, in no Shensh, if dou do love dy shelfe, angry Man.

Wasp. Why then, I do grant him nothing ; and I have no Sense.

Cut. 'Tis true, thou hast no Sense indeed.

Wasp. 'Slid, but I have Sense, now I think on't better, and I will grant him any thing, do you see ?

Knoc. He is i'the right, and does utter a sufficient Vapour. *Cut.* Nay, it is no sufficient Vapour, neither, I deny that.

Knoc. Then it is a sweet Vapour.

Cut. It may be a sweet Vapour. *Wasp.* Nay, it is no sweet Vapour, neither, Sir, it stinks, and I'll stand to't.

Whi. Yes, I tinke it dosh shtinke, Captain. All Vapour dosh shtinke.

Wasp. Nay, then it does not stink, Sir, and it shall not stink. *Cut.* By your Leave, it may, Sir.

Wasp. I, by my Leave it may stink, I know that.

Whi. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy Leave, angry Man. *Wasp.* How can it not ?

Knoc. Nay, never question him, for he is i'the right.

Whi. Yesh, I am i'de right, I confesh it, so ish de little Man too.

Wasp. I'll have nothing confests'd, that concerns me. I am not i'the right, nor never was in the right, nor never will be i'the right, while I am in my right Mind.

Cut. Mind ? why, here's no Man minds you, Sir, nor any thing else.

Pup. Vreind, will you mind this that we do ?

Quar. Call you this Vapours ? this is such belching of Quarrel, as I never heard. Will you mind your Bu-finess, Sir ?

Edg. You shall see, Sir.

Nor. I'll ne maire, my Waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

Edg. Will you take that, Master *Wasp*, that no body shol d mind you ?

Wasp. Why ? what ha'you to do ? is't any Matter to you ? *Edg.* No, but methinks you should not be un-minded, tho'.

Wasp.

Wasp. Nor, I wo't not be, now I think on't, do you hear, new Acquaintance, does no Man mind me, say you?

Cut. Yes, Sir, every Man here minds you, but how?

Wasp. Nay, I care as little how, as you do, that was not my Question.

Whi. No, noting was ty Question, tou art a learned Man, and I am a valiant Man, i'Faith la, tou shalt speak for me, and I vill fight for tee.

Knoc. Fight for him, *Whit*? A gros Vapour, he can fight for himself.

Wasp. It may be I can, but it may be, I wo't not, how, then? *Cut.* Why then you may chuse.

Wasp. Why, and I'll chuse whether I'll chuse or no.

Knoc. I think you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute Vapour.

Wasp. Nay, then, I do think you do not think, and it is no resolute Vapour.

Cut. Yes, in some Sort he may allow you.

Knoc. In no Sort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the Vapour.

Wasp. He mistakes nothing, Sir, in no Sort.

Whi. Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.

Wasp. A Turd i' your Teeth, never pre dee me, for I will have nothing mistaken.

Knoc. Turd, ha Turd? a noisome Vapour, strike, *Whit*.

Over. Why, Gentlemen, why, Gentlemen, I charge you upon my Authority, conserve the Peace. In the King's Name, and my Husband's, put up your Weapons, I shall be driven to commit you myself, else.

Quar. Ha, ha, ha. *Wasp.* Why do you laugh, Sir?

Quar. Sir, you'll allow me my Christian Liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

Cut. In some Sort you may, and in some Sort you may not, Sir.

Knoc. Nay in some Sort, Sir, he may neither laugh, nor hope, in this Company.

Wasp. Yes, then he may both laugh and hope in any Sort, an't please him. *Quar.* Faith, and I will then, for it doth please me exceedingly.

Wasp. No exceeding neither, Sir.

Knoc. No, that Vapour is too lofty.

Quar. Gentlemen, I do not play well at your Game of Vapours, I am not very good at it, but——

Cut. Do you hear, Sir? I would speak with you in Circle? *Quar.* In Circle, Sir? what would you with me in Circle?

Cut. Can you lend me a Piece, a *Jacobus*? in Circle?

Quar. 'Slid, your Circle will prove more costly than your Vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

Cut. Your Beard's not well turn'd up, Sir.

Quar. How Rascal? are you playing with my Beard? I'll break Circle with you.

Pup. Nor. Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

Knoc. Gather up, *Whit*, gather up, *Whit*, good Vapours.

Over. What mean you? are you Rebels? Gentlemen? shall I send out a *Serjeant at Arms*, or a Writ o' Rebellion, against you? I'll commit you upon my Womanhood, for a Riot, upon my Justice-hood, if you persist.

Wasp. Upon your Justice-hood? Marry shite o' your Hood, you'll commit? Spoke like a true Justice of Peace's Wife, indeed, and a fine female Lawyer! Turd i' your Teeth for a Fee, now.

Over. Why, *Numps*, in Master *Overdo's* Name, I charge you.

Wasp. Good Mistress *Underdo*, hold your Tongue.

Over. Alas! poor *Numps*.

Wasp. Alas! and why alas from you, I beseech you? or why poor *Numps*, goody *Rich*? am I come to be pitted by your Tuft-taffata now? why, Mistress, I knew *Adam*, the Clerk, your Husband, when he was *Adam* Scrivener, and writ for Two-pence a Sheet, as high as he bears his Head now, or you your Hood, Dame. What are you, Sir.

Bri. We be Men, and no Infidels; what is the Matter, here, and the Noises? can you tell?

Wasp. Heart, what ha'you to do? cannot a Man quarrel in Quietness? but he must be put out on't by you? what are you?

Bri. Why, we be his Majesty's Watch, Sir.

Wasp. Watch? 'Sblood, you are a sweet Watch, indeed. A body would think, and you watch'd well o' Nights, you should be contented to sleep at this time o' Day.

Day. Get you to your Fleas, and your Flock-beds, you Rogues, your Kennels, and lie down close.

Bri. Down? yes, we will down, I warrant you, down with him, in his Majesty's Name, down, down with him, and carry him away to the Pigeon-Holes.

Over. I thank you, honest Friends, in the Behalf o' the Crown, and the Peace, and in Master *Overdo's* Name, for suppressing Enormities.

Whi. Stay, *Briffle*, here ish anoder Brasho'Drunkards, but very quiet, special Drunkards, will pay dee five Shillings very well. Take 'em to dee, in de Graish o' God; one of 'em does change Cloth, for Ale in the *Fair*, here; te toder ish a strong Man, a mighty Man, my Lord Mayor's Man, and a Wrafter. He has wrastled so long with the Bottle, here, that the Man with the Beard hash almosht streeke up hish Heelfh.

Bri. 'Slid, the Clerk o'the Market has been to cry him all the *Fair* over, here, for my Lord's Service.

Whi. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him. How now Woman o'Shilke, vat ailsh ty shweet Faish? art tou melancholy?

Over. A little distemper'd with these Enormities; shall I intreat a Curt'sy of you, Captain?

Whi. Intreat a hundred, velvet Voman, I vill do it, shpeake out. *Over.* I cannot with Modesty speak it out, but—— *Whi.* I vill do it, and more, and more, for dee. What *Ursla*, an't be Bitch, an't be Baud an't be!

Urs. How now, Rascal? what roar you for? old Pimp.

Whi. Here, put up de Cloakes, *Ursh*; de Purchase, pre dee now, shweet *Urs*, help dis good brave Voman to a *Jordan*, an't be.

Urs. 'Slid call your Captain *Jordan* to her, can you not? *Whi.* Nay, pre dee leave dy Consheits, and bring the velvet Woman to de——

Urs. I bring her, hang her: Heart must I find a common Pot for every Punk i'your Purlews?

Whi. O good Voordsh, *Ursh*, it ish a Guest o' Velvet, i'Fait la.

Urs. Let her sell her Hood, and buy a Sponge, with a Pox to her, my Vessel employed, Sir. I have but one, and 'tis the Bottom of an old Bottle. An honest Proctor, and his Wife, are at it, within, if she'll stay her time, so.

Whi. As soon as thou canst, sweet *Urs.* Of a valiant Man I think I am the patientest Man in the World, or in all *Smithfield.* *Knoc.* How now, *Whit?* Close Vapours, stealing your Leaps? covering in Corners, ha?

Whi. No Faith, Captain, though thou beest a wise Man, thy Wit is a Mile hence, now. I was procuring a small Courtesy, for a Woman of Fashion here.

Over. Yes, Captain, though I am a Justice of Peace's Wife, I do love Men of War, and the Sons of the Sword, when they come before my Husband. *Knoc.* Say'st thou so Filly? thou shalt have a Leap presently, I'll horse thee myself, else. *Urs.* Come, will you bring her in now? and let her talk her Turn? *Whi.* Gramercy, good *Ursh,* I thank thee. *Over.* Master *Overdo* shall thank her.

S C E N E V.

John, Win, Ursla, Knockum, Whit, Overdo, Alice.

Job. Good Gai'mer *Urs;* *Win,* and I, are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captain *Jordan,* and Capt.

Whit. *Win,* I'll be bold to leave you, in this good Company, *Win:* for half an Hour, or so, *Win,* while I go, and see how my Matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect: and then I'll come and fetch you, *Win.*

Win. Will you leave me alone with two Men, *John?*

Job. I, they are honest Gentlemen *Win,* Capt. *Jordan,* and Capt. *Whit,* they'll use you very civilly, *Win,* God bless you, *Win.* *Urs.* What's her Husband gone?

Knoc. On his false, Gallop, *Urs,* away.

Urs. An' you be right *Bartholomew*-birds, now shew yourselves so: we are undone for want of Fowl in the Fair, here. Here will be *Zekiel Edgeworth,* and three or four Gallants, with him at Night, and I have neither Plover nor Quail for 'em: persuade this between you two, to become a Bird of the Game, while I work the velvet Woman, within (as you call her.)

Knoc. I conceive thee, *Urs!* go thy Ways, dost thou hear, *Whit?* is't not Pity, my delicate dark Chestnut here, with the fine lean Head, large Forehead, round Eyes, even Mouth, sharp Ears, long Neck, thin Crest, close Withers, plain Back, deep Sides, short Fillets and full Flanks: with a round Belly, a plump Buttock, large Thighs, knit Knees, straight Legs, short Pasterns, smooth Hoofs, and short Heels; should lead a dull honest Woman's Life, that might live the Life of a Lady? *Whi.*

Whi. Yes by my Fait, and Trot, it is, Captaine: de honest Woman's Life is a scurvy dull Life, indeed, la.

Win. How, Sir? is an honest Woman's Life a scurvy Life?

Whi. Yes Fait, Shweet-heart, believe him, de Leefe of a Bondwoman! but if dou vilt hearken to me, I vill make tee a free Woman, and a Lady: dou shalt live like a Lady, as te Captaine saith.

Knoc. I, and be honest too sometimes: have her Wires, and her Tires, her green Gowns, and velvet Petticoats.

Whi. I, and ride to *Ware* and *Rumford* i'dy Coast, shree de Players, be in love vit 'em; sup with Gallantsh, be drunke, and cost de noting. *Knoc.* Brave Vapours!

Whi. And lie by twenty on 'em, if dou please, Shweet heart.

Win. What, and be honest still, that were fine Sport.

Whi. Tish common, Shweet-heart, tou may'ft do it by my Hand: it shall be justified to ty Husband's Faith, now: tou shalt be as honest as the Skin between his Hornsh, la!

Knoc. Yes, and wear a Dressing, Top, and Top-Gallant, to compare with e'er a Husband on 'em all, for a Fore-top: it is the Vapour of Spirit in the Wife, to cuckold, now a-days; as it is the Vapour of Fashion, in the Husband, not to suspect. Your prying Caty'd Citizen is an abominable Vapour.

Win. Lord, what a Fool have I been!

Whi. Mend then, and do every ting like a Lady, hereafter, never know ty Husband, from another Man.

Knoc. Nor any one Man from another, but i'the dark.

Whi. I, and then it ish no Disgrash to know any Man.

Urs. Help, help, here.

Knoc. How now? what Vapour's there?

Urs. O, you are a sweet *Ranger*! and look well to your Walks. Yonder is your *Punk* of *Turnbull*, ramping *Alice*, has fall'n upon the poor Gentlewoman within, and pull'd her Hood over her Ears, and her Hair thro' it.

Over. Help, help, i'the King's Name.

Alice. A Mischief on you, they are such as you are, that undo us, and take our Trade from us, with your Tuft-tassuta Hanches. *Knoc.* How now, *Alice*!

Alice. The poor common Whores can ha' no Traffick,

for the privy rich ones ; your Caps and Hoods of Velvet, call away our Customers, and lick the Fat from us.

Urs. Peace, you foul ramping Jade, you——

Alice. Odd's Foot, you Bawd in Grease, are you talking ? *Knoc.* Why, *Alice*, I say.

Alce. Thou Sow of *Smithfield*, thou. *Urs.* Thou Tripe of *Turnbull*. *Knoc.* Cat-a-mountain Vapours ! ha !

Urs. You know where you were taw'd lately, both lash'd and slash'd you were in *Bridewell*.

Alice. I, by the same Token, you rid that Week, and broke out the Bottom o' the Cart, Night-tub.

Knoc. Why, Lion-face ! ha ! do you know who I am ? shall I tear Ruff, slit Waistcoat, make Rags of Petticoat ? ha ! go to, vanish, for fear of Vapours. *Whit*, a Kick, *Whit*, in the parting Vapours. Come, brave Woman, take a good Heart, thou shalt be a Lady, too.

Whi. Yes *Fait*, dey shall all both be Ladies, and write Madam. I vill do't myself for dem. *Doe* is the Vord, and *D* is the middle Letter of *Madame*, *D, D*, put 'em together, and make Deeds, without which, all Words are alike, la.

Knoc. 'Tis true, *Ursla*, take 'em in, open thy Wardrobe, and fit 'em to their Calling. Green Gowns, Crimson-Petticoats, Green Women ! my Lord Mayor's Green Women ! Guests o' the Game, true bred. I'll provide you a Coach, to take the Air in.

Win. But do you think you can get one ?

Knoc. O, they are as common as Wheelbarrows, where there are great Dunghills. Every Petty-fogger's Wife has 'em, for first he buys a Coach that he may marry, and then he marries that he may be made a Cuckold in't : for if their Wives ride not to their cuckolding, they do 'em no Credit. Hide, and be hidden ; ride, and be ridden, says the Vapour of Experience.

S C E N E VI.

Trouble all, Knockum, Whit, Quarlous, Edgworth, Bristle, Wasp, Haggise, Justice, Busy, Pure-craft.

Tro. By what Warrant does it say so ?

Knoc. Ha ! mad Child o' the *Pye-poudres*, art thou there ? fill us a-fresh Kan, *Urs*, we may drink together.

Tro. I may not drink without a Warrant, Captain.

Knoc. 'Sblood, thou'll not stale without a Warrant, shortly.

shortly. *Whit*, Give me Pen, Ink, and Paper. I'll draw him a Warrant presently.

Tro. It must be *Justice Overdo's*?

Knoc. I know, Man, fetch the Drink, *Whit*.

Whi. I pre dee now, be very brief, Captain; for de new Ladies stay for dee.

Knoc. O, as brief as can be, here 'tis already. *Adam Overdo*.

Tro. Why, now, I'll pledge you, Captain.

Knoc. Drink it off. I'll come to thee, anon, again.

Quar. Well, Sir. You are now discharg'd: beware of being spy'd, hereafter.

Edg. Sir, will it please you, enter in here, at *Ursla's*; and take part of a filken Gown, a velvet Petticoat, or a wrought Smock; I am promis'd such: and I can spare any Gentleman a Moiety.

Quar. Keep it for your Companions in Beastliness, I am none of 'em, Sir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater Trespass, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your Manners, to whom you made your Offers. But go your Ways, talk not to me, the Hangman is only fit to discourse with you: the Hand of a Beadle is too merciful a Punishment for your Trade of Life. I am sorry I employ'd this Fellow; for he thinks me such: *Facinus, quos inquinat, aequat*. But, it was for Sport. And would I make it serious, the getting of this Licence is nothing to me, without other Circumstances concur. I do think how impertinently I labour, if the Word be not mine, that the ragged Fellow mark'd: And what Advantage I have given *Ned Win-wife* in this time now, of working her, tho' it be mine. He'll go near to form to her what a debauch'd Rascal I am, and fright her out of all good Conceit of me: I should do so by him, I am sure, if I had the Opportunity. But my Hope is in her Temper, yet; and it must needs be next to Despair, that is grounded on any Part of a Woman's Discretion. I would give by my Troth, now, all I could spare (to my Cloaths, and my Sword) to meet my tatter'd *Sooth-sayer* again, who was my Judge i'the Question, to know certainly whose Word he has damn'd or sav'd. For, till then, I live but under a Reprieve. I must seek him. Who be these?

Wasp. Sir, you are *Welsh* Cuckold, and a prating Runt, and no Constable.

Bri. You say very well. Come put in his Leg in the middle Roundel, and let him hole there.

Wasp. You stink of Leeks, *Metheglin*, and Cheese, You Rogue.

Bri. Why what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the Stocks in the mean Time? if you have a Mind to stink too, your Breeches sit close enough to your Bum. Sit you merry, Sir.

Quar. How now, *Numps*?

Wasp. It is no Matter, how; pray you look off.

Quar. Nay I'll not offend you, *Numps*. I thought you had sat there to be seen.

Wasp. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your Business, an' you have any.

Quar. Cry your Mercy, *Numps*. Does your Leg lie high enough?

Bri. How now, Neighbour *Haggise*, what says *Justice Overdo's* Worship to the other Offenders?

Hag. Why, he says just nothing, what should he say? Or where should he say? He is not to be found, Man. He ha' not been seen i'the *Fair*, here, all this live long Day, never since 7 o'Clock i'the Morning. His Clerks know not what to think on't. There is no Court of *Eye-poudres*, yet. Here they be return'd.

Bri. What shall be done with 'em, then? in your Discretion.

Hag. I think we were best put 'em in the Stocks, in Discretion (there they will be safe in Discretion) for the Value of an Hour, or such a Thing, till his Worship come.

Bri. It is but a hole Matter, if we do, Neighbour *Haggise*, come Sir, here's Company for you, heave up the Stocks.

[*Wasp* puts his Shoe on his Hand, and slips it in for his Leg.

Wasp. I shall put a Trick upon your *Welsh* Diligence, perhaps. *Bri.* Put in your Leg, Sir.

Quar. What, *Rabby Busy*! is he come?

Bus. I do obey thee, the Lion may roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the *Heathens* of the Land, and put a-part in the Stocks, for the holy Cause.

Wasp.

Wasp. What are you, Sir?

Bus. One that rejoiceth in his Affliction, and sitteth here to prophecy the Destruction of *Fairs* and *May-games*, *Wakes*, and *Whitson-ales*, and doth sigh and groan for the Reformation of these Abuses.

Wasp. And do you sigh, and groan too, or rejoice in your Affliction?

Jus. I do not feel it, I do not think of it, it is a Thing without me. *Adam*, thou art above these Batteries, these Contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy Friend *Horace* says; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore as another Friend of thine says (I think it be thy Friend *Perfius*) *Non te quæsiveris extra*.

Quar. What's here! a Stoick i'the Stocks? the Fool is turn'd *Philosopher*.

Bus. Friend, I will leave to communicate my Spirit with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious Relicks, those Lists of *Latin*, the very Rags of *Rome*, and Patches of *Poperie*.

Wasp. Nay, an'you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll leave you. I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately: look you, a Device, but shifting in a Hand for a Foot. God b'w'you.

Bus. Wilt thou then leave thy Brethren in Tribulation?

Wasp. For this once, Sir.

Bus. Thou art a halting *Neutral*, stay him there, stop him; that will not endure the Heat of Persecution.

Bri. How now, what's the Matter?

Bus. He is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

Bri. What, has he made an Escape, which Way? follow, Neighbour *Haggise*.

Pur. O me! in the Stocks! have the Wicked prevail'd?

Bus. Peace, religious Sister, it is my Calling, comfort yourself, an extraordinary Calling, and done for my better Standing, my surer Standing, hereafter.

Tro. By whose Warrant, by whose Warrant, this?

Quar. O, here's my Man! dropp'd in, I look'd for.

Jus. Ha! *Pur.* O good Sir, they have set the Faithful, here to be wonder'd at? and provided Holes, for the Holy of the Land.

Tro.

Tro. Had they Warrant for it? shew'd they *Justice Overdo's* Hand? if they had no Warrant, they shall answer it.

Bri. Sure you did not lock the Stocks sufficiently, Neighbour *Toby*!

Hag. No! see if you can lock 'em better.

Bri. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truly, yet something is in the Matter.

Tro. True, your Warrant is the Matter that is in Question, by what Warrant?

Bri. Madman, hold your Peace, I will put you in his Room else, in the very same Hole, do you see?

Quar. How! is he a Madman!

Tro. Shew me *Justice Overdo's* Warrant. I obey you.

Hag. You are a mad Fool, hold your Tongue.

Tro. In *Justice Overdo's* Name, I drink to you, and here's my Warrant.

[*Shews his Cane.*]

Jus. Alas poor Wretch! how it yearns my Heart for him!

Quar. If he be mad, it is in vain to question him. I'll try tho', Friend: there was a Gentlewoman shew'd you two Names, some Hour since, *Argalus* and *Palemon*, to mark in a Book, which of 'em was it you mark'd?

Tro. I mark no Name, but *Adam Overdo*, that is the Name of Names, he only is the sufficient Magistrate; and that Name I reverence, shew it me.

Quar. This Fellow's mad indeed: I am further off, now, than afore.

Jus. I shall not breathe in Peace, till I have made him some amends.

Quar. Well, I will make another Use of him, is come in my Head: I have a Nest of Beards in my Trunk, one something like his.

Bri. This mad Fool has made me that I know not whether I have lock'd the Stocks or no, I think I lock'd 'em.

Tro. Take *Adam Overdo* in your Mind, and fear nothing.

Bri. 'Slid, Madness itself, hold thy Peace, and take that. *Tro.* Strikest thou without a Warrant? take thou that.

Buf. We are deliver'd by Miracle; Fellow in Fetters, let

let us not refuse the Means, this Madnefs was of the Spirit: The Malice of the Enemy hath mock'd itself.

Pur. Mad do they call him! the World is mad in Error, but he is mad in Truth: I love him o'the Sudden, (the cunning Man said all true) and shall love him more and more. How well it becomes a Man to be mad in Truth! O, that I might be his Yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should we draw to Madnefs in Truth, with us!

Br! How now! all 'scap'd? where's the *Woman*? it is Witchcraft! Her velvet Hat is a Witch, o'my Conscience, or my Key! t'one. The Madman was a Devil, and I am an Ass; so bless me, my Place, and mine Office.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Lanthorn, Filcher, Sharkwel.

Lan. **W**ELL, Luck and St. *Bartholomew*: out with the Sign of our Invention, in the Name of *Wit*, and do you beat the Drum, the while; all the Fowl i'the *Fair*, I mean, all the Dirt in *Smithfield* (that's one of Master *Little-wit's* *Car-witchets* now) will be thrown at our Banner to Day, if the Matter does not please the People. O the *Motions*, that I *Lanthorn Leatherhead* have given Light to, i'my time, since my Master *Pod* died! *Jerusalem* was a stately Thing; and so was *Nineveh*, and the City of *Norwich*, and *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*; with the rising o'the Prentices; and pulling down the Bawdy-houses there, upon *Shrove-Tuesday*; but the *Gunpowder-plot*, there was a Get-penny! I have presented that to an Eighteen, or Twenty-pence Audience, nine Times in an Afternoon. Your Home-born Projects prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar, they put too much Learning i'their Things now o'-Days; and that I fear will be the Spoil o'this. *Little-wit*? I say, *Mickle-wit*! if not too mickle! look to your Gathering there, Goodman *Filcher*.

Fil. I warrant you, Sir.

Lan. An'there come any Gentlefolks, take Two-pence a-piece, *Sharkwel*!

Sha. I warrant you, Sir, Three-pence an' we can.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Justice, Win-wife, Grace, Quarlous, Purecraft.

Jus. This latter Disguise, I have borrow'd of a Porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good Ends; which, however interrupted, were never destroyed in me; neither is the Hour of my Severity yet come, to reveal myself, wherein, Cloud like, I will break out in Rain and Hail, Light'ning and Thunder, upon the Head of Enormity. Two main Works I have to prosecute: first, one is to invent some Satisfaction for the poor kind Wretch, who is out of his Wits for my Sake; and yonder I see him coming, I will walk aside, and project for it.

Win-w. I wonder where *Tom Quarlous* is, that he returns not, it may be he is struck in here to seek us.

Gra. See, here's our Madman again.

[*Enter Quarlous in the Habit of the Madman.*]

Quar. I have made myself as like him, as his Gown and Cap will give me Leave.

Pur. Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in Truth.

Win-w. How! my Widow in love with a Madman?

Pur. Verily I can be as mad in Spirit, as you.

Quar. By whose Warrant? leave your Canting. Gentlewoman, have I found you? (save you, quit you, and multiply you) where's your Book? 'twas a sufficient Name I mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

Gra. What would you with it, Sir?

Quar. Mark it again, and again, at your Service.

Gra. Here it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.

Quar. *Palemon*? fare you well, fare you well.

Win-w. How, *Palemon*!

Gra. Yes Faith, he has discover'd it to you, now, and therefore 'twere vain to disguise it longer, I am yours, Sir, by the Benefit of your Fortune.

Win-w. And you have him, Mistress, believe it, that shall never give you Cause to repent her Benefit, but make you rather to think that, in this Choice, she had both her Eyes.

Gra. I desire to put it to no Danger of Protestation.

Quar. *Palemon* the Word, and *Win-wife* the Man?

Pur. Good Sir, vouchsafe a Yoke-fellow in your
M. duess,

Madness, shun not one of the sanctify'd Sisters, that would draw with you, in Truth.

Quar. Away, you are a Herd of hypocritical proud Ignorants, rather wild, than mad. Fitter for Woods and the Society of Beasts, than Houses and the Congregation of Men. You are the second Part of the Society of *Canterers*, Outlaws to Order and *Discipline*, and the only privileg'd *Church-robbers* of *Christendom*. Let me alone, *Palemon* the Word, and *Win-wife* the Man?

Pur. I must uncover myself unto him, or I shall never enjoy him, for all the *cunning Men's* Promises. Good Sir, hear me, I am worth six thousand Pound, my Love to you is become my Rack, I'll tell you all, and the Truth: since you hate the Hypocrisy of the Party-colour'd Brotherhood. These seven Years, I have been a wilful holy Widow, only to draw Feasts, and Gifts from my intangled Suitors: I am also, by Office, an assisting *Sister* of the *Deacons*, and a Devourer, instead of a Distributer of the Alms. I am a special Maker of Marriages for our decay'd *Brethren*, with our rich *Widows*; for a third Part of their Wealth, when they are married, for the Relief of the Poor *elect*: as also our poor handsome young Virgins, with our wealthy Batchelors, or Widowers; to make them steal from their Husbands, when I have confirm'd them in the Faith, and got all put into their Custodies. And if I ha'not my Bargain, they may sooner turn a scolding Drab into a silent *Minister*, than make me leave pronouncing *Reprobation* and *Damnation* unto them. Our Elder, *Zeal-of-the-land*, would have had me, but I know him to be the capital Knave of the Land, making himself rich, by being made *Feoffee* in trust to deceased *Brethren*, and coz'ning their *Heirs*, by swearing the absolute Gift of their Inheritance. And thus having eas'd my Conscience, and utter'd my Heart with the Tongue of my Love: enjoy all my Deceits together. I beseech you. I should not have reveal'd this to you, but that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll think me so too, Sir?

Quar. Stand aside, I'll answer you, presently. Why should not I marry this six thousand Pound, now I think on't? and a good Trade too, that she has beside, ha?

The

t'other Wench, *Win-wife*, is sure of; there's no Expectation for me there! here I may make myself some faver, yet, if she continue mad, there's the Question. It is Money that I want, why should I not marry the Money, when 'tis offer'd me? I have a *Licence* and all, it is but razing out one Name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a Man's Fortune! I am resolv'd! I were truly mad, an' I would not! well, come your Ways, follow me, an' you will be mad, I'll shew you a Warrant!

Pur. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

Jus. Sir, let me speak with you.

Quar. By whose Warrant?

Jus. The Warrant that you tender, and respect so; *Justice Overdo's*! I am the Man, Friend *Trouble-all*, tho' thus disguis'd (as the careful *Magistrate* ought) for the Good of the Republick, in the *Fair*; and the weeding out of Enormity. Do you want a House, or Meat, or Drink, or Cloaths? speak whatsoever it is, it shall be supply'd you, what want you?

Quar. Nothing but your *Warrant*.

Jus. My *Warrant*? for what?

Quar. To be gone, Sir.

Jus. Nay, I pray thee stay, I am serious, and have not many Words, nor much Time to exchange with thee; think what may do thee good.

Quar. Your Hand and Seal will do me a great deal of good; nothing else in the whole *Fair*, that I know.

Jus. If it were to any End, thou should'st have it willingly.

Quar. Why, it will satisfy me, that's End enough, to look on; an' you will not gi' it me, let me go.

Jus. Alas! thou shalt ha' it presently, I'll but step into the *Scriv'ner's*, hereby, and bring it. Do not go away.

Quar. Why, this Madman's Shape will prove a very fortunate one, I think! can a ragged Robe produce these Effects? if this be the wise Justice, and he bring me his Hand, I shall go near to make some Use on't. He is come already!

Jus. Look thee! here is my Hand and Seal, *Adam Overdo*, if there be any thing to be written, above in the Paper,

Paper, that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter, think on't; it is my Deed, I deliver it so, can your Friend write?

Quar. Her Hand for a *Witness*, and all is well.

Jus. With all my Heart.

Quar. Why should not I ha'the Conscience, to make this a Bond of a thousand Pound! now, or what I would else?! *Jus.* Look you, there it is; and I deliver it as my Deed again. *Quar.* Let us now proceed in Madness.

Jus. Well, my Conscience is much eas'd; I ha'done my Part, tho' it doth him no good, yet *Adam* hath offer'd Satisfaction! The Sting is remov'd from hence: poor Man, he is much alter'd with his Affliction, it has brought him low! Now, for my other Work, reducing the young Man (I have follow'd so long in Love) from the Brink of his Bane, to the Center of Safety. Here, or in some such like vain Place, I shall be sure to find him. I will wait the good Time.

S C E N E III.

Cokes, Sharkwel, Justice, Filcher, Jobn, Lanthorn.

Cok. How now? what's here to do? Friend, art thou the Master of the Monuments?

Sha. 'Tis a Motion, an't please your Worship.

Jus. My fantastical Brother-in-law, Master Bartholomew Cokes!

Cok. A Motion, what's that? The ancient modern History of *Hero* and *Leander*, otherwise call'd, *The Touchstone of true Love*, with as true a Trial of Friendship, between *Damon* and *Pithias*, two faithful Friends o'the Bankside? pretty i'Faith, what's the Meaning on't? is't an *Interlude*? or what is't?

Fil. Yes, Sir, please you come near, we'll take your Money within. *Cok.* Back with these Children; they do so follow me up and down.

Job. By your Leave, Friend. *Fil.* You must pay, Sir, an' you go in. *Job.* Who, I? I perceive thou know'st not me: call the Master o'the Motion.

Sha. What, do you not know the Author, Fellow *Filcher*? you must take no Money of him; he must come in *Gratis*; Mr. *Littlewit* is a Voluntary; he is the Author. *Job.* Peace, speak not too loud, I would not have any

any Notice taken, that I am the *Author*, till we see how it passes. *Cok.* Master *Littlewit*, how do'st thou?

Job. Master *Cokes*! you are exceeding well met: what, in your Doublet, and Hose, without a Cloak, or a Hat?

Cok. I would I might never stir, as I am an honest Man, and by that Fire; I have lost all i'the *Fair*, and all my Acquaintance too; did'st thou meet any body that I know, Master *Littlewit*? my Man *Numps*, or my Sister *Overdo*, or Mistress *Grace*? pray thee Master *Littlewit*, lend me some Money to see the *Interlude*, here. I'll pay thee again, as I am a Gentleman. If thou'lt but carry me Home, I have Money enough there.

Job. O, Sir, you shall command it, what, will a Crown serve you?

Cok. I think it will, what do we pay for coming in, Fellows? *Fil.* Two-pence, Sir.

Cok. Two-pence-pence? there's Twelve-pence, Friend; nay, I am a *Gallant*, as simple as I look now; if you see me with my Man about me, and my *Artillery*, again.

Job. Your Man was i'the Stocks, e'en now, Sir.

Cok. Who, *Numps*? *Job.* Yes, Faith.

Cok. For what i'Faith, I am glad o'that; remember to tell me on't anon; I have enough now! What Manner of Matter is this, Mr. *Littlewit*? What kind of *Actors* ha' you? Are they good *Actors*?

Job. Pretty Youths, Sir, all Children both old and young, here's the Master of 'em. — (*Lan.* Call me not *Leatherhead*, but *Lanthorn*.)

Job. Master *Lanthorn* that gives Light to the Business.

Cok. In good Time, Sir, I would fain see 'em, I would be glad to drink with the young Company; which is the Tiring-house? *Lan.* Troth, Sir, our Tiring-house is somewhat little, we are but Beginners, yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go upright in't.

Cok. No? not now my Hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me, Feather and all, as I was once To-day? ha' you none of your pretty impudent Boys, now; to bring Stools, fill Tobacco, fetch Ale, and beg Money, as they have at other Houses? let me see some o' your *Actors*.

Job. Shew him 'em, shew him 'em. Master *Lanthorn*,
this

this is a Gentleman, that is a Favourer of the Quality.

Jus. I, the Favouring of this licentious Quality is the Consumption of many a young Gentleman? a pernicious Enormity. *Cok.* What, do they live in Baskets?

Lea. They do lie in a Basket, Sir, they are o'the small *Players*. *Cok.* These be *Players Minors*, indeed. Do you call these *Players*?

Lan. They are *Actors*, Sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb Shows; indeed, I am the Mouth of 'em all! *Cok.* Thy Mouth will hold 'em all, I think, one *Taylor* would go near to beat all this Company, with a Hand bound behind him. *Job.* I, and eat 'em all, too, an'they were in Cake Bread.

Cok. I thank you for that, Master *Littlewit*, a good Jest! which is your *Burbage* now?

Lan. What mean you by that, Sir? *Cok.* Your best *Actor*. Your *Field*? *Job.* Good i'Faith! you are even with me, Sir.

Lan. This is he, that acts young *Leander*, Sir. He is extremely belov'd of the Women-kind, they do so affect his Action, the green Gamesters, that come here, and this is lovely *Hero*; this with the Beard, *Damon*; and this pretty *Pythias*: this is the Ghost of King *Dionysius* in the Habit of a Scriv'ner: as you shall see anon, at large.

Cok. Well, they are a civil Company, I like 'em for that; they offer not to fleer, nor geer, nor break Jest, as the great *Players* do: and then, there goes not so much Charge to the Feasting of 'em, or making 'em drunk, as to the other, by Reason of their Littleness. Do they use to play perfect? Are they never fluster'd?

Lan. No, Sir, I thank my Industry and Policy for it; they are as well govern'd a Company, though I say it—And here is young *Leander*, is as proper an *Actor* of his Inches; and shakes his Head like an Ostler.

Cok. But do you play it according to the printed Book? I have read that.

Lan. By no Means, Sir. *Cok.* No? How then?

Lan. A better Way, Sir, that is too learned and poetical for our Audience; what do they know what *Helie pont* is? guilty of true Love's Blood? or what *Abidos* is? or the other *Sestos* Height.

Cok. Thou'rt i'the right, I do not know myself.

Lan.

Lan. No, I have entreated Master *Littlewit*, to take a little Pains to reduce it to a more familiar Strain for our People.

Cok. How, now, I pray thee, good Mr. *Littlewit*?

Job. It pleases him to make a Matter of it, Sir. But there is no such Matter I assure you: I have only made it a little easy, and *modern* for the Times, Sir, that's all; as, for the *Hellepont*, I imagine our *Thames* here; and then *Leander*, I make a *Dyer's Son*, about *Puddle Wharf*; and *Hero* a Wench o'the *Bank-side*, who going over one Morning, to old *Fish-street*; *Leander* spies her land at *Trig-flairs*, and falls in Love with her: now do I introduce *Cupid*, having *metamorphoz'd* himself into a Drawer, and he strikes *Hero* in Love with a Pint of *Sherry*, and other pretty Passages there are, o'the Friendship, that will delight you, Sir, and please you of Judgment.

Cok. I'll be sworn they shall; I am in love with the *Actors* already, and I'll be allied to them presently. (They respect, Gentlemen, these Fellows) *Hero* shall be my Fairing: But, which of my Fairings? (Let me see) i'Faith, my *Fiddle*! and *Leander* my *Fiddle-stick*: Then *Damon* my *Drum*, and *Pythias* my *Pipe*, and the Ghost of *Dionysius*, my *Hobby-horse*. All fitted.

S C E N E IV.

[To them *Win.wife*. *Grace*, *Knockhum*, *Whit*, *Edgworth*, *Win*, *Mistress Overdo*. And to them *Wasp*.

Win-w. Look yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his Play-fellows; I thought we could not miss him, at such a Spectacle.

Gra. Let him alone, he is so busy, he will never spy us. *Lea.* Nay, good Sir.

Cok. I warrant thee, I will not hurt her, Fellow; what dost think me uncivil? I pray thee be not jealous: I am toward a Wife.

Job. Well good Master *Lanthorn*, make ready to begin, that I may fetch my Wife, and look you be perfect, you undo me else, i'my Reputation.

Lan. I warrant you, Sir, do not you breed too great an Expectation of it, among your Friends: that's the only Hurter of these Things. *Job.* No, no, no.

Cok. I'll stay here, and see; pray thee let me see.

Win-w.

Win-w. How diligent and troublesome he is !

Gra. The Place becomes him, methinks.

Jus. My Ward, Mistress *Grace*, in the Company of a Stranger? I doubt I shall be compell'd to discover myself, before my time ! *Fil.* Two-pence a-piece, Gentlemen, an excellent Motion. *Knoc.* Shall we have fine Fire-works, and good Vapours! *Sha.* Yes, Captain, and Water-works, too.

Whi. I pree dee, take a Care o'dy shmall Lady, there, *Edgworth*, I will look to dish tall Lady myself.

Lan. Welcome, Gentlemen, welcome, Gentlemen.

Whi. Predee, Mashter o'de *Monstherfb*, help a very sick Lady here, to a Chair, to shut in.

Lan. Presently, Sir.

Whi. Good Fait now, *Ursla's* Ale, and *Aquavita*, ish to blame for't ; shut down, Shweet-heart, shut down, and shleep a little.

Edg. Madam, you are very welcome hither.

Knoc. Yes, and you shall see very good Vapours.

Jus. Here is my Care come ! I like to see him in so good Company ; and yet I wonder that Persons of such Fashion should resort hither !

Edg. This is a very private House, *Madam*.

Lan. Will it please your Ladyship sit, *Madam*?

Win. Yes, Good-man. They do so all to be *Madam* me, I think they think me a very fine Lady !

Edg. What else, *Madam*? *Win.* Must I put off my Mask to him? *Edg.* O, by no Means.

Win. How should my Husband know me, then ?

Knoc. Husband ? an idle Vapour ; he must not know you, nor you him ; there's the true Vapour.

Jus. Yea, I will observe more of this : is this a *Lady*, Friend ?

Whi. I, and dat is anoder *Lady*, Shweetheart ; if dou hasht a Mind to 'em, give me Twelve-pence from tee, and dou shalt have eder-oder on 'em !

Jus. I ? This will prove my chieftest Enormity : I will follow this.

Edg. Is not this a finer Life, *Lady*, than to be clogg'd with a Husband ?

Win. Yes, a great deal. When will they begin trow ? in the Name o'the *Motion* ?

Edg.

Edg. By and by, *Madam*, they stay but for Company.

Knoc. Do you hear, *Puppet-Master*, these are tedious Vapours; when begin you?

Lan. We stay but for Master *Littlewit*, the *Author*, who is gone for his Wife; and we begin presently.

Win. That's I, that's I.

Edg. That was you, *Lady*; but now you are no such poor Thing.

Knoc. Hang the *Author's* Wife, a running Vapour! here be *Ladies* will stay for ne'er a *Delia* o'hem all.

Whi. But hear me now, heere ish one o'de *Ladish*, a-shleep, stay till she but wake, Man

Wasp. How now, Friends? what's here to do?

Fil. Two-pence a-piece, Sir, the best *Motion*, in the *Fair*.

Wasp. I believe you lye; if you do, I'll have my Money again, and beat you.

Win. *Numps* is come!

Wasp. Did you see a Master of mine come in here, a tall young Squire of *Harrow* o'the *Hill*; Master *Bartholomew Cokes*?

Fil. I think there be such a one, within.

Wasp. Look he be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I ha' been at the *Eagle*, and the black *Wolf*, and the *Bull* with the five Legs, and two Pizzles; (he was a Calf at *Uxbridge Fair*, two Years ago) and at the *Dogs* that dance the *Morrice*, and the *Hare* o'the *Taber*; and miss'd him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine Sight, that holds him so, if it have him.

Cok. Come, come, are you ready now?

Lan. Presently Sir.

Wasp. Hoy Day, he's at Work in his Doublet and Hose; do you you hear, Sir? are you employ'd? that you are bareheaded, and so busy?

Cok. Hold your Peace, *Numps*; you ha'been i'the Stocks, I hear.

Wasp. Does he know that? nay, then the Date of my *Authority* is out: I must think no longer to reign, my Government is at an End. He, that will correct another, must want Fault in himself.

Win-w. Sententious *Numps*! I never heard so much from him before.

Lan. Sure, Master *Littlewit* will not come; please you take your Place, Sir, we'll begin.

Cok. I pray thee do. mine Ears long to be at it; and my Eyes too. O *Numps*, i'the Stocks, *Numps*? where's your Sword, *Numps*?

Wasp. I pray you intend your Game, Sir, let me alone.

Cok. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit down, *Numps*; I'll interpret to thee: did you see Mistress *Grace*? it's no matter, neither, now I think on't, tell me anon.

Win-w. A great deal of Love, and Care, he expresses.

Gra. Alas! would you have him to express more than he has? that were Tyranny.

Cok. Peace, ho; now, now.

Lan. Gentles, that no longer your Expectation may wane—
Behold our chief Actor, amorous *Leander*. [der,
With a great deal of Cloth, lapp'd about him like a Scarf,
For he yet serves his Father, a Dyer, at Puddle-wharf,
Which Place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abidus,
As the Bank-side is our Sestos, and let it not be deny'd us.
Now, as he is beating, to make the Dye take the fuller,
Who chances to come by, but fair *Hero*, in a Sculler;
And seeing *Leander's* naked Leg, and goodly Calf,
Cast at him, from the Boat, a Sheep's Eye, and a half.
Now she is landed, and the Sculler come back;
By and by you shall see what *Leander* doth lack.

Pup. L. Cole, Cole, old Cole.

Lan. That is the Sculler's Name, without controul.

Pup. L. Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.

Lan. We do hear you? *Pup. L.* Old Cole. [sell?

Lan. Old Cole? Is the Dyer turn'd Collier? how do you

Pup. L. Apox o' your Manners, kifs my Ho'e here, and smell.

Lan. Kifs your Hole, and smell? there's Manners indeed.

Pup. L. Why, Cole, I say, Cole. *Lan.* It's the Sculler you need. *Pup. L.* I, and be hang'd.

Lan. Be hang'd; look you yonder,
Old Cole, you must go hang with Master *Leander*.

Pup. C. Where is he?

Pup. L. Here, Cole, what fairest of Fairs, }
Was that Fare, that thou landedst, but now, at Trigge-stairs?

E

Cok.

Cok. What was that, Fellow? Pr'ythee tell me, I scarce understand 'em.

Lan. *Leander does ask, Sir, what fairest of Fairs, Was the Fare that he landed, but now, at Trigge-stairs?*

Pup. C. *It is lovely Hero.* Pup. L. *Nero?*

Pup. C. *No, Hero.* Lan. *It is Hero.*

Of the Bank-side, he saith, to tell you Truth, without erring, Is come over into Fish-street to eat some fresh Herring.

Leander says no more, but as fast as he can,

Gets on all his best Cloaths, and will after to the Swan.

Cok. Most admirable good, is't not?

Lan. Stay, Sculler.

Pup. C. *What say you?*

Lan. *You must stay for Leander,*

And carry him to the Wench.

Pup. C. *You Rogue, I am no Pander.*

Cok. He says he is no Pander. 'Tis a fine Language; I understand it now.

Lan. *Are you no Pander, Goodman Cole? here's no Man says you are,*

You'll grow a hot Cole, it seems, pray you stay for your Fare.

Pup. C. *Will he come away?*

Lan. *What do you say?*

Pup. C. *I'd ha' him come away.*

[*Sir, stay.*

Lea. *Would you ha' Leander come away? why pray*

You are angry, Goodman Cole; I believe the fair Maid Came over w' you a' Trust: tell us, Sculler, are you paid.

Pup. C. *Yes Goodman Hogrubber, o' Pickt-hatch.*

Lan. *How, Hogrubber, o' Pickt-hatch?*

Pup. C. *I, Hogrubber, o' Pickt-hatch. Take you that.*

Lan. *O, my Head!*

Pup. C. *Harm watch, harm catch.*

Cok. Harm watch, harm catch, he says: very good i'Faith, the Sculler had like to ha' knock'd you, Sirrah.

Lan. Yes, but that his Fare call'd him away.

Pup. L. *Row a-pace, row a-pace, row, row, row, row, row.*

[*you go.*

Lan. *You are knavishly loaden, Sculler, take heed where*

Pup. C. *Knave i' your Face, Goodman Rogue.*

Pup. L. *Row, row, row, row, row, row.*

Cok. He said, Knave i' your Face, Friend.

Lan.

Lan. I Sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to these Watermen, they will ha' the last Word.

Cok. God's my Life! I am not allied to the Sculler, yet; he shall be *Dauphin*, my Boy. But my Fiddlestick does fiddle in and out too much; I pr'ythee speak to him on't: tell him, I would have him tarry in my Sight, more.

Lan. I pray you be content; you'll have enough on him, Sir.

*Now Gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
But that you have heard of a little God of Love, called Cupid.
Who, out of Kindness to Leander, bearing he but saw her,
This present Day and Hour, doth turn himself to a Drawer.
And, because he would have their first Meeting to be merry,
He strikes Hero in love to him, with a pint of Sherry.
Which he tells her, from amorous Leander is sent her,
Who after him, into the Room of Hero, doth venture.*

Pup. Jo. A pint of Sack, score a pint of Sack, i' the Coney.

Cok. Sack? you said but e'en now it should be Sherry.

Pup. Jo. Why so it is; Sherry, Sherry, Sherry.

Cok. Sherry, Sherry, Sherry. By my Troth he makes me merry. I must have a Name for *Cupid*, too. Let me see, thou might'st help me now, an' thou would'st, *Numps*, at a dead Lift. but thou art dreaming o' the Stocks still! Do not think on't, I have forgot it; 'tis but a Nine-day's Wonder, Man; let it not trouble thee.

Wasp. I would the Stocks were about your Neck, Sir; on condition I hung by the Heels in them, till the Wonder were off from you, with all my Heart.

Cok. Well said, resolute *Numps*: but hark'ee, Friend, where is the Friendship all this while, between my Drum, *Damon*, and my Pipe, *Pythias*?

Lan. You shall see by and by, Sir?

Cok. You think my Hobby-horse is forgotten too; no. I'll see 'em all enact before I go; I shall not know which to love best else.

Knoc. This Gallant has interrupting Vapours, troublesome Vapours, *Whit*, puff with him.

Whit. No, I pre dee, Captaine, let him alone. Hee is a Child i'Faith, la'.

Lan. *Now Gentles, to the Friends, who in number are two,
And lodg'd in that Ale-house, in which fair Hero does do.
Damon (for some Kindness done him the last Week)
Is come, fair Hero, in Fish-street, this Morning to seek:
Pythias does smell the Knavery of the Meeting,
And now you shall see their true friendly Greeting.*

Pup. Pi. *You Whore-Masterly Slave, you.*

Cok. *Whore-Masterly Slave, you? very friendly and
familiar, that.* Pup. Da. *Whore-Master i' thy Face,
Thou hast lain with her thyself, I'll prove't i' this Place.*

Cok. *Damon says Pythias has lain with her himself,
he'll prov't in this Place.*

Lan. *They are Whore-Masters both, Sir, that's a plain*

Pup. Pi. *You lye, like a Rogue.* [Case.

Lan. *Do I lye, like a Rogue?* Pup. Pi. *A Pimp, and
a Scab.* Lan. *A Pimp, and a Scab?*

I say between you, you have both but one Drab.

Pup. Da. *You lye again.* Lan. *Do I lye again?*

Pup. Da. *Like a Rogue again.* Lan. *Like a Rogue again?*

Pup. Pi. *And you are a Pimp again.*

Cok. *And you are a Pimp again, he says.*

Pup. Da. *And a Scab again.*

Cok. *And a Scab again, he says.*

Lan. *And I say again, you are both Whore-Masters again,
And you have both but one Drab again.*

Pup. Da. Pi. *Dost thou, dost thou, dost thou?*

Lan. *What, both at once?* Pup. Pi. *Down with him,*

Damon. Pup. Da. *Pink his Guts, Pythias.*

Lan. *What, so malicious?*

Will ye murder me, Masters both, i' mine own House?

Cok. *Ho! well acted my Drum, well acted my Pipe,
well acted still.*

Wasp. *Well acted, with all my Heart.*

Lan. *Hold, hold your Hands.* [done well.

Cok. *I, both your Hands, for my Sake! for you ha' both*

Pup. Da. *Gramercy, pure Pythias.*

Pup. P. *Gramercy, dear Damon.*

Cok. *Gramercy to you both, my Pipe, and my Drum.*

Pup. P. D. *Come now we'll together to Breakfast to Hero.*

Lan. *'Tis well, you can now go to Breakfast to Hero,
You have given me my Breakfast, with a hone and honero.*

Cok.

Cok. How is't, Friend, ha' they hurt thee?

Lan. O no!

Between you and I, Sir, we do but make show.
Thus, Gentles, you perceive, without any Denial,
'Twixt Damon and Pythias here, Friendship's true Trial.
Tho' hourly they quarrel thus, and roar each with other,
They fight you no more, than does Brother with Brother.
But friendly together, at the next Man they meet,
They let fly their Anger, as here you might see't.

Cok Well, we have seen't, and thou hast felt it, whatsoever thou say'st; what's next? what's next?

Lea. This while young Leander with fair Hero is drunk-
And Hero grown drunk to any Man's thinking! [ing,
Yet was it not three pints of Sherry could flaw her,
Till Cupid, distinguish'd like Jonas the Drawer,
From under his Apron, where his Leachery lurks,
Put Love in her Sack. Now mark how it works.

Pup. H. O Leander, Leander, my dear, my dear Leander,
I'll for ever be thy Goose, so thou'lt be my Gander.

Cok. Excellently well said, Fiddle, she'll ever be his
Goose, so he'll be her Gander: was't not so?

Lan. Yes, Sir, but mark his Answer now.

Pup. L. And sweetest of Geese, before I go to Bed,
I'll swim o'er the Thames, my Goose, thee to tread.

Cok. Brave! he will swim o'er the Thames, and tread
his Goose To-night, he says.

Lan. I, Peace, Sir, they'll be angry if they hear
you Eaves-dropping, now they are setting their Match.

Pup. L. But lest the Thames should be dark, my Goose, my
Let thy Window be provided of a Candle's End. [dear Friend,

Pup. H. Fear not, my Gander, I protest, I should handle
My Matters very ill, if I had not a whole Candle.

Pup. L. Well then, look to't, and kiss me to boot.

Lan. Now here come the Friends again, Pythias and Da-
And under their Cloaks they have of Bacon a Gammon. [mon,

Pup. P. Drawer, fill some Wine here.

Lan. How, some Wine there?

There's Company already, Sir, pray forbear!

Pup. D. 'Tis Hero. Lan. Yes, but she will not be taken,
After Sack, and fresh Herring, with your Dunmow Bacon.

Pup. P. You lye, it's Westfabian.

Lan. *Westphalian*, you should say.

Pup. D. *If you hold not your Peace, you are a Coxcomb, I would say.*

Pup. *What's here? what's here? Kifs, Kifs, upon Kifs.*

Lan. *I, wherefore should they not? what Harm is in this?*

'Tis Mistress Hero. Pup. D. *Mistress Hero's a Whore.*

Lan. *Is she a Whore? keep you quiet, or Sir Knaave out*

Pup. D. *Knaave out of Door?* [of Door.

Pup. H. *Yes, Knaave out of Door.* Pup. D. *Whore out of Door.* Pup. H. *I say, Knaave out of Door.*

Pup. D. *I say, Whore out of Door.* Pup. P. *Yea, so say I too.* Pup. H. *Kifs the Whore o' the Arse.*

Lan. *Now you ha' something to do:*

You must kifs her o' the Arse, she says.

Pup. D. P. *So we will, so we will.*

Pup. H. *O my Haunches, O my Haunches, hold, hold.*

Lan. *Stand'st thou still?*

Leander, *where art thou? stand'st thou still like a Sot, And not offer'st to break both their Heads with a Pot?*

See, who's at thine Elbow, there! Puppet Jonas and Cupid.

Pup. J. *Upon 'em, Leander, be not so stupid.*

Pup. L. *You Goat-bearded Slave!*

Pup. D. *You Whore-Master Knaave.*

Pup. L. *Thou art a Whore-Master.*

Pup. J. *Whore-Masters all.*

Lan. *See, Cupid with a Word has ta'en up the Brawl.*

Knoc. These be fine Vapours!

Cok. *By this good Day they fight bravely! do they not, Numps?*

Wasp. *Yes, they lack'd but you to be their Second, all this while.*

Lan. *This tragical Encounter, falling out thus to busy us, It raises up the Ghost of their Friend Dionysius: Not like a Monarch, but the Master of a School, In a Scrivener's furr'd Gown, which shews he is no Fool. For therein he bath Wit enough to keep himself warm.*

O Damon, he cries, and Pythias, what harm

Hath poor Dionysius done you in his Grave,

That after his Death, you should fall out thus, and rave,

And call amorous Leander Whore-Master Knaave?

Pup. D. *I cannot, I will not, I promise you, endure it.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

To them *Busy*.

Buf. Down with *Dagon*, down with *Dagon*, 'tis I will no longer endure your Prophanations.

Lan. What mean you, Sir?

Buf. I will remove *Dagon* there, I say, that *Idol*, that heathenish *Idol*, that remains (as I may say) a Beam, a very Beam, not a Beam of the *Sun*, nor a Beam of the *Moon*, nor a Beam of a Balance, neither a House-Beam, nor a Weaver's-Beam, but a Beam in the Eye, in the Eye of the Brethren; a very great Beam, an exceeding great Beam; such as are your *Stage-Players*, *Rhymers*, and *Morrice-Dancers*, who have walked Hand in Hand, in contempt of the *Brethren*, and the *Cause*; and been borne out by Instruments, of no mean Countenance.

Lan. Sir, I present nothing but what is licens'd by Authority. *Buf.* Thou art all *Licence*, even *Licentiousness* itself, *Shimei*!

Lan. I have the Master of the *Revel's* Hand for't, Sir.

Buf. The Master of *Rebels* Hand, thou hast, *Satan's*! hold thy Peace, thy Scurrility shut up thy Mouth, thy Profession is damnable, and in Pleading for it, thou dost plead for *Baal*. I have long open'd my Mouth wide, and gaped, I have gaped as the Oyster for the Tide, after thy Destruction; but cannot compass it by Suit, or Dispute; so that I look for a Bickering 'ere long, and then a Battle. *Knoc.* Good *Ranbury-Vapours*.

Cok. Friend, you'd have an ill Match on't, if you bicker with him here, tho' he be no Man o' the Fist, he has Friends that will go to Cuffs for him; *Numps*, will not you take our side?

Edg. Sir, it shall not need, in my Mind, he offers him a fairer Course, to end it by Disputation! hast thou nothing to say for thyself in Defence of thy Quality?

Lan. Faith, Sir, I am not well studied in these Controversies, between the Hypocrites and us. But here's one of my *Motion*, *Puppet Dionysius* shall undertake him, and 'll venture the Cause on't.

Cok. Who? my Hobby-horse? will he dispute with him?

Lan. Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-afs of him, I hope.

Cok.

Cok. That's excellent ! indeed he looks like the best Scholar of 'em all. Come, Sir, you must be as good as your Word now.

Bus. I will not fear to make my Spirits and Gifts known ! assist me, Zeal, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full. *Win-w.* What a desperate prophane Wretch is this ! is there any Ignorance or Impudence like his ? to call his Zeal to fill him against a *Puppet*.

Quar. I know no fitter Match, than a *Puppet* to commit with an Hypocrite !

Bus. First, I say unto thee, *Idol*, thou hast no *Calling*.

Pup. D. You lye, I am call'd Dionysius.

Lan. The *Motion* says you lye, he is call'd *Dionysius* i' the Matter, and to that *Calling* he answers.

Bus. I mean no *Vocation*, *Idol*, no present lawful *Call*.

Pup. D. Is yours a lawful *Calling*? *[sing.]*

Lan. The *Motion* asketh if yours be a lawful *Calling*?

Bus. Yes, mine is of the Spirit. *Pup. D.* Then *Idol* is a lawful *Calling*. *Lan.* He says, then *Idol* is a lawful *Calling* ! for you call'd him *Idol*, and your *Calling* is of the Spirit. *Cok.* Well disputed, Hobby-horse !

Bus. Take not part with the Wicked, young Gallant. He neigheth and hinnieth, all is but hinnying Sophistry. I call him *Idol* again. Yet, I say, his *Calling*, his Profession is prophane, it is prophane, *Idol*. *Pup. D.* It is not prophane ! *Lan.* It is not prophane, he says.

Bus. It is prophane. *Pup.* It is not prophane.

Bus. It is prophane. *Pup.* It is not prophane.

Lan. Well said, confute him with *not*, still. You cannot bear him down with your base Noise, Sir.

Bus. Nor he me with his treble Creeking, tho' he creek like the Chariot-wheels of *Satan* ; I am zealous for the Cause— *Lan.* As a Dog for a Bone.

Bus. And I say it is prophane, as being the Page of *Pride*, and the Waiting-woman of *Vanity*. *Pup. D.* Yea ? what say you to your *Tire-women* then ? *Lan.* Good.

Pup. Or *Feather-makers* i' the *Friers*, that are o' your *Faction of Faith* ? Are not they with their *Perukes*, and their *Puffs*, their *Fans*, and their *Huffs*, as much Pages of *Pride*, and Waiters upon *Vanity* ? what say you ? what say you ? what say you ? *Bus.* I will not answer for them.

Pup.

Pup. *Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a Bugle-maker a lawful Calling? or the Confect-makers? such you have there: or your French Fashioner? you'd have all the Sin within yourselves, would you not? would you not?*

Bus. No, Dagon. [these?

Pup. *What then, Dagonet? is a Puppet worse than*

Bus. Yes, and my main Argument against you is, that you are an *Abomination*: for the Male among you putteth on the Apparel of the Female, and the Female of the Male.

Pup. *You lye, you lye, you lye abominably.* [thrice.

Cok. Good, by my Troth, he has given him the Lye

Pup. *It is your old stale Argument against the Players, but it will not hold against the Puppets; for we have neither Male nor Female amongst us. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind Zeal as thou art!*

Edg. By my Faith, there he has answer'd you, Friend, by plain Demonstration.

Pup. *Nay, I'll prove against e'er a Rabin of 'em all, that my Standing is as lawful as his; that I speak by Inspiration as well as he; that I have as little to do with Learning as he; and do scorn her Helps as much as he.*

Bus. I am confuted, the Cause hath failed me.

Pup. *Then be converted, be converted.* [go on!

Lan. Be converted, I pray you, and let the Play

Bus. Let it go on. For I am changed, and will become a Beholder with you! Cok. That's brave, i' Faith, thou hast carry'd it away, Hobby-horse, on with the Play!

Jus. Stay, now do I forbid, I *Adam Overdo!* sit still, I charge you. Cok. What, my Brother i' Law!

Gra. My wise Guardian! Edg. *Justice Overdo!*

Jus. It is time to take Enormity by the Forehead, and brand it; for I have discover'd enough.

SCENE VI.

To them Quarlous (like the Madman) Purecraft (a while after) John, to them Trouble-all, Ursla, Nightingale.

Quar. Nay, come Mistress Bride, you must do as I do now. You must be mad with me, in Truth. I have here *Justice Overdo* for it. Jus. Peace, good Trouble-all; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your Friend too, you also, young Man, shall be my Care, stand there. Edg. Now Mercy upon me.

Knoc.

Knoc. Would we were away, *Whit*, these are dangerous Vapours, best fall off with our Birds, for fear o' the Cage. *Jus.* Stay, is not my Name your Terror?

Whit. Yesh Faith Man, and it ish for tat we would be gone Man. *John.* O Gentlemen! did you not see a Wife of mine? I ha' lost my little Wife, as I shall be trusted: my little pretty *Win*, I left her at the great Woman's House, in Trust yonder; the Pig-woman's, with Captain *Jordan*, and Captain *Whit*, very good Men, and I cannot hear of her. Poor Fool, I fear she's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see *Win*?

Jus. If this grave Matron be your Mother, Sir, stand by her, *Et digito compeſce labellum*, I may perhaps spring a Wife for you anon. Brother *Bartholomew*, I am sadly sorry to see you so lightly given, and such a *Disciple* of Enormity, with your grave Governor *Humphrey*: but stand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your course. Mistress *Grace*, let me rescue you out of the Hands of the Stranger.

Win-w. Pardon me, Sir, I am a Kinsman of her's.

Jus. Are you so? of what Name, Sir?

Win-w. Win-wife. Sir. *Jus.* Master *Win-wife*? I hope you have won no Wife of her, Sir. If you have, I will examine the Possibility of it, at fit Leisure. Now, to my Enormities: look upon me, O *London*! and see me, O *Smithfield*; The *Example of Justice*, and *Mirror of Magistrates*: the true Top of Formality, and Scourge of Enormity. Harken unto my *Labours*, and but observe my *Discoveries*; and compare *Hercules* with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or *Columbus*; *Magellan*; or our Countryman *Drake*, of later times: stand forth, you Weeds of Enormity, and spread. First, *Rabbi Busy*, thou *super'unnatural* Hypocrite; next, thou other Extremity, tho' prophane Professor of *Puppetry*, little better than *Poetry*; then thou strong Debaucher, and Seducer of Youth; witness this easy and honest young Man; now thou *Esquire* of Dames, *Madams*, and twelve-penny *Ladies*; now my green *Madam* herself, of the Price. Let me unmask your *Ladyship*. *Job.* O my Wife, my Wife, my Wife!

Jus. Is she your Wife? *Reddè te Harpocratem!*

Trou. By your Leave, stand by my Masters, be uncover'd.
Urf.

Urf. O stay him, stay him, help to cry, *Nightingale*; my Pan, my Pan. *Juf.* What's the Matter?

Nig. He has stoln Gammar *Ursla's* Pan.

Trou. Yes, and I fear no Man but *Justice Overdo*.

Juf. *Ursla*? where is she? O the Sow of Enormity, this! welcome, stand you there, you Songster, there.

Urf. An' please your Worship, I am in no Fault: A Gentleman stripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd his Gown, and his Hat; and he ran away with my Goods, here, for it.

Juf. Then this is the true Madman, and you are the Enormity! *Quar.* You are i' the right, I am mad, but from the Gown outward. *Juf.* Stand you there.

Quar. Where you please, Sir. *Over.* O lend me a Bason, I am sick, I am sick; where's Mr. *Overdo*? *Bridget*, call hither my *Adam*. *Juf.* How?

Whit. Dy very owne Wife, i' Fait, worshipful *Adam*.

Over. Will not my *Adam* come at me? shall I see him no more then? *Quar.* Sir, why do you not go on with the Enormity? are you oppress'd with it? I'll help you: hark you, Sir, i' your Ear, your *Innocent young Man*, you have ta'en such care of all this Day, is a *Cutpurse*; that hath got all your Brother *Cokes's* things, and help'd you to your Beating, and the Stocks; if you have a mind to hang him now, and shew him your *Magistrate's* Wit, you may: but I should think it were better recovering the Goods, and to save your Estimation in him. I thank you, Sir, for the Gift of your *Ward*, Mrs. *Grace*: look you, here is your Hand and Seal, by the way. Mr. *Winwife*, give you Joy, you are *Palemon*, you are possess'd o' the Gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's Warrant for it. And honest Madman, there's thy Gown and Cap again; I thank thee for my Wife. Nay, I can be mad, Sweetheart, when I please, still; never fear me; And careful *Numps*, where's he? I thank him for my Licence.

Wasp. How! *Quar.* 'Tis true, *Numps*. *Wasp.* I'll be hang'd then. *Quar.* Look i' your Box, *Numps*, nay, Sir, stand not you fix'd here, like a Stake in *Finsbury*, to be shot at, or the Whipping-post i' the *Fair*, but get your Wife out o' the Air, it will make her worse else; and remember you are but *Adam*, Flesh and Blood! you have your Frailty; forget your other Name of *Overdo*, and invite

invite us all to Supper. There you and I will compare our *Discoveries*; and drown the Memory of all Enormity in your biggest Bowl at home.

Cok. How now, *Numps*, ha' you lost it? I warrant 'twas when thou wert i' the Stocks: why dost not speak?

Wasp. I will never speak while I live, again, for aught I know.

Jus. Nay, *Humphrey*, if I be patient, you must be so too; this pleasant conceited Gentleman hath wrought upon my Judgment, and prevail'd: I pray you take care of your sick Friend, *Mistress Alice*, and my good Friends all — *Quar.* And no Enormities.

Jus. I invite you home with me to my House, to Supper: I will have none fear to go along, for my Intent is *Ad correctionem, non ad destructionem*; *Ad edificandum, non ad diruendum*: so lead on.

Cok. Yes, and bring the *Actors* along, we'll ha' the rest o' the *Play* at home.



THE EPILOGUE.

YOUR Majesty hath seen the *Play*, and you
Can best allow it from your Ear, and View.
You know the Scope of Writers, and what store
Of Leave is given them, if they take not more,
And turn it into Licence: you can tell
If we have us'd that Leave, you gave us, well:
Or whether we to Rage, or Licence break,
Or be prophane, or make prophane Men speak?
This is your Power to judge (great Sir) and not
The Envy of a few. Which if we have got,
We value less what their Dislike can bring,
If it so happy be, t'have pleas'd the King.



THE END.